

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

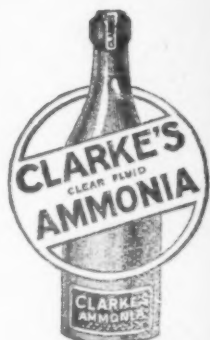
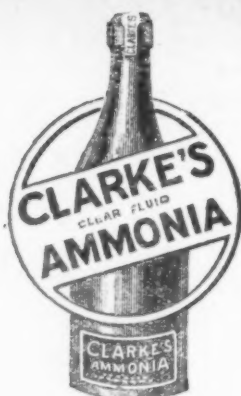
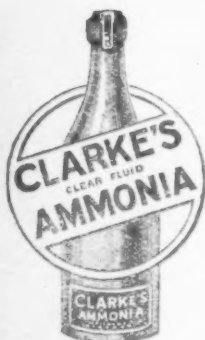


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Croagh Patrick.

A CHAPTER FROM THE SAINT'S LATEST BIOGRAPHY.¹

WHEN that distinguished student of Irish Philology, Professor H. Zimmer, published in 1901, his famous essay on the Celtic Church,² in which he undertook to unravel the legend of early Western Christianity, and demonstrated that the Apostle of Ireland was really not himself but another man of the same name, it was believed by many intelligent persons that the story of St. Patrick would henceforth disappear from the pages of sober history. And yet, strange to say, within five years, not only do we find that the traditional view has been vindicated by an eminent scholar of Trinity, Dublin, who has recently succeeded to the chair of modern history at Cambridge, but we are now presented with what seems the most complete Life of the Saint hitherto published, in which the name of Professor Zimmer, so far at least as we have been able to discover, is not so much as mentioned.

We have called it the "most complete" Life of St. Patrick, and this is the quality in Archbishop Healy's substantial volume, which has most pronouncedly impressed itself upon the present writer in a first and necessarily hurried perusal. The majority of the great Apostle's more serious biographers have been rather afraid of the legendary element in their materials. His Grace of Tuam has not; and he has consequently set down, for the most part without apology or reserve, just what he found in the mediæval Lives before him. Moreover, he has treated this debatable matter with a certain geniality of tone which allows his readers to perceive that he is not unconscious of the humorous aspects of his subject, but that he considers such incidents, when properly discounted, to have their own just place in history. The attitude thus adopted

¹ *The Life of St. Patrick*. By the Most Reverend Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1905.

² Professor Zimmer's essay originally appeared as an article in Hauck's *Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche*, s.v. "Keltische Kirche," but it has since been published separately and translated into English.

seems to us in every way a wise one, for in the case of a hero so intimately bound up with the life and thought of the people, the mythical figure of later times may be held to have exercised almost as great an influence upon the national character, as the historical personality of the Saint while he lived. The matter stands far otherwise than in the case of such a patron as St. George. The incredible marvels of St. George's repeated martyrdoms are not only mendacious and uninteresting in themselves, but they remained wholly foreign to even the more superstitious beliefs of our Catholic forefathers as a people. The story of St. Patrick, on the other hand, in all its extravagant details, is of native growth. His sagas were probably recited by bards at banquets and popular gatherings long before they were consigned to writing in the form in which we have them. The qualities of earnest religious faith and generous charity are impressed upon these narratives as deeply as those of the vivid and picturesque Celtic imagination. There is also, when we contrast them with some other similar collections of legends, a very considerable variety of theme and incident. We do not doubt that they are in the truest sense "folk tales"—not the invention of some unscrupulous romancer consciously weaving dull fictions for his own mercenary ends—and if so they may truly be said to be part of the historical Patrick. The mists of the ages which intervene between his day and ours are such that no light can penetrate them with clear definition. To judge of the original source of illumination we must take into account all the vast penumbra it has created around it. It is only by this method that the student can hope to arrive at any approximation to the truth.

In reading through the pages which Archbishop Healy has made so attractive, it has struck us that we should probably convey a better idea of the real interest of the volume by confining ourselves to a single episode than by touching discursively upon a selection of the various topics which are successively brought into view. Moreover, there is one chapter in the book over which the writer must have lingered with peculiar affection, for the scene lies within his own diocese in a district where the Archbishop of Tuam's name is honoured as a household word. The spot to which we refer is perhaps more surely identified with the historical St. Patrick than any other site in the three kingdoms, while the legends connected with it have recently been recalled to the recollection of many by a picturesque

incident in which the Most Reverend author of the pages before us played an especially prominent part.

On Sunday, July 30th, of the present year 1905, an extraordinary gathering of some five thousand pilgrims from all parts of Connaught and even from beyond the seas, assembled on the summit of one of Ireland's highest hills. South of Clew Bay in County Mayo, and close to the margin of the wide Atlantic, stands the conical eminence known in the earliest ages as Crochan Aigli (Crochan or Croagh seems to be cognate with our *crag*), and subsequently as Croagh Patrick, 2,510 feet high and of steep ascent. The scene, to judge alike from description and from photographs, must be extraordinarily beautiful. The hundred and more islets in the blue waters of the bay beneath, the rugged peaks stretching northwards in the direction of Lough Derg and Achill Island; the twelve "Pins" to the south-east, with the heather-clad hill tops of Killery Bay in the south; and then on the west, as far as the eye can reach, the expanse of the limitless Atlantic—all these things have been described to us in vivid terms by enthusiastic pilgrims who assisted at the ceremony. Severe as was the effort for old men and women, or for girls, and even children of tender years, not to speak of portly ecclesiastics little accustomed to exercise in so strenuous a form—remembering too that in numberless cases the steep climb came only as the crown of many hours of travel begun at early sunrise—we hear nevertheless that one and all declared themselves repaid a thousandfold for the toil which they had undertaken. It was not the magnificent prospect which lay unfolded at their feet, and which during a wayward forenoon was lit up from time to time even to its remotest limits by spells of brilliant sunshine—though assuredly such surroundings must have contributed their large quota to the impressions of the day. But the reward of the pilgrims lay above all in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice for the first time in the memorial chapel which with infinite labour had at last been reared on that high peak. The simple Low Mass said within the building, the tinkle of the bell, the hushed congregation of thousands kneeling or standing bareheaded outside wherever foothold could be found, strangest of all perhaps the little crowd of communicants, some of them of advanced years and some of them ladies, who had climbed that formidable ascent fasting, and then the acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity recited with a deep murmur

of voices in the native Irish, which here at least was no patriotic affectation, but the very speech of the people—all these things, one can readily understand, must remain ineffaceable memories for the privileged worshippers who were present at the scene.

In the sermon of characteristic eloquence which the Archbishop of Tuam then preached, standing at the door of the oratory which he had just blessed, he deeply stirred the hearts of the vast audience grouped around him. No one could have a better right than he to address them on such an occasion, for not only was he their Bishop and Father in God, but it was he who had himself taken the initiative in erecting this oratory on the mountain top, and it was he also who after many years of preparation had just completed that exhaustive biography of the great Apostle of Ireland which is now in our hands. Of the more moving and spiritual passages of Archbishop Healy's discourse this would not be the place to speak. Neither can we dwell on his references to the beauty of the scene, and to the prospect "of the boundless Atlantic across whose waters so many of their race had found a home." But it is more to our purpose that the preacher took the opportunity to explain to his hearers why this was a sacred spot. Here it was, he told them, that St. Patrick spent a whole Lent fasting and praying, wrestling for the Irish people before the throne of God. It was from this mountain top that with outstretched hands he had blessed the land. And then, if we may trust the report before us, his Grace made reference to a book already mentioned above.

A distinguished scholar of Cambridge, Professor Bury, had published a *Life of St. Patrick*, and in that book he held that it was highly probable that the Saint prayed forty days on Croagh Patrick, and further, that it was on its slopes that he had passed six years in slavery, herding cattle down to the sea at Murrisk. If that were true, then beyond all manner of doubt, there was no spot to compare with Croagh Patrick in the feeling of sanctity and reverence they should pay to it. They all knew from their childhood of the reverence attached to the pilgrimages on that mountain, and of the numbers of the faithful who attended the Stations held upon it. On the paths they had come that day could be traced the route to the very crest followed by these devoted pilgrims in all those years, and that fact of itself was a striking and most manifest proof of the unity and continuity of the Catholic Faith preached by St. Patrick.

It would not perhaps be too rash to infer from the tone of this reference to Professor Bury that the Archbishop does not

feel bound entirely to reject the Cambridge scholar's theory as to the scene of St. Patrick's captivity. In his own volume Dr. Healy has followed the ancient authorities, Muirchu, Tirechan, and their imitators who imply that St. Patrick, having been carried off from his home in Britain on the banks of the Clyde, was conveyed to Mount Mis, now apparently Slemish, near Ballymena, in Ulster, and there spent six years in herding sheep and cattle. The fact of the six years' captivity in boyhood, when he "pastured cattle on wood and mountain side," we know from the indisputable evidence of St. Patrick's own *Confession*. We know also that when he at last escaped he had to travel to a place "which was not near at hand but distant about 200 miles," in order to find a ship which could carry him homewards. Is it fanciful to suppose that the phrase "not near at hand but 200 miles off," was suggested to the Saint by the fact that though the western ocean was close to him in his captivity it was useless to embark there, and that it was only on the other side of Ireland on the east coast that he could hope to find a vessel sailing for Britain or Gaul? Further when he had gained his freedom and revisited his parents, he himself tells us the strange story of the vision which summoned him back to Ireland.

I heard [he says] the voices of those who dwelt beside the wood of Fochlad which is by the western sea, and thus they cried as if with one mouth: "We beseech thee, holy youth, to come and walk once more among us!"

This certainly seems to imply, as Dr. Bury has remarked, that the voices were known to him, and that he was already well familiar with the Fochlad which is beside the western sea. There are also some confusions and approximations between the Mount Mis district and the neighbourhood of Crochan Aigli which, as Dr. Bury shows, point in the same direction. Without discussing it further we may venture to record our opinion that Professor Bury's suggestion is a very valuable one, and that on the whole it affords the best solution of the difficulties. If so, we have every reason to believe that St. Patrick was thinking of the slopes of Crochan Aigli and the neighbourhood of the modern town of Westport, in Mayo, when he wrote in after-years:

Daily I herded flocks and often during the day I prayed. Love of God and His fear increased more and more, and my faith grew and my spirit was stirred up, so that in a single day I said as many as a

hundred prayers and at night likewise, though I abode in the woods and in the mountain. Before the dawn I used to be aroused to prayer in snow and frost and rain, nor was there any tepidity in me, such as now I feel, because then the spirit was fervent within me.¹

This is practically all we know of the first and more doubtful sojourn upon Croagh Patrick, but all that is there said comes to us in the Saint's own words. For the forty days of prayer and penance, which he almost certainly passed in that same spot many years later after his consecration as Bishop, we have much fuller descriptions, but, alas, of a very untrustworthy kind. One curious indirect confirmation of the likelihood of that forty days' fast upon the mountain may, however, perhaps be found in the Saint's devotion to the prophet Elias, made known by one passage in the *Confession*. In a moment of most grievous temptation it occurred to him, he tells us, to invoke Elias, "And thereupon I saw the sun rise in the heaven, and whilst I kept invoking 'Elias, Elias,' with all my might, lo! the splendour of the sun fell upon me, and shook off from me all the weight." The terror of the moment, and the relief felt when succour came, was an experience, St. Patrick declares, "which I shall remember as long as I am in this body." What, then, more likely than that one who had been so powerfully aided in the hour of need, should imitate the prophet in his forty days' abstinence from food and in his retirement to the mountain of contemplation, before he went forth again to contend with the idolaters in that turbulent land. The account of the sojourn on Croagh Patrick, given by Tirechan, who wrote within about two hundred years of St. Patrick's death, is very simple. After mentioning the death and interment of Totmael, the Saint's charioteer, and also St. Patrick's own desire to imitate Moses, Elias, and our Blessed Lord, Tirechan briefly states:

And Patrick went forth to the summit of Mount Aigli, and he remained there for 40 days and 40 nights, and the birds were a trouble to him, and he could not see the face of the heavens, the earth, or the sea on account of them; for God told all the saints of Erin, past present and future, to come to the mountain summit—that mountain which overlooks all others, and is higher than all the mountains of the West—to bless the tribes of Erin, so that Patrick might see (by anticipation) the fruit of his labours, for all the choir of the saints of Erin came to visit him there, who was the father of them all.

¹ Stokes, ii. p. 361; cf. Bury, pp. 335, 336.

Archbishop Healy does not dispute that the further elaboration of this story in the *Tripartite Life* suggests "the perfervid imagination of the Scotiç Chronicler." But he is surely wise in putting the whole legend before his readers without curtailment. Beyond a few words occasionally added by way of comment or connection, he has practically translated the eleventh century document, and we will venture to transcribe exactly what he has written, instead of using the more literal version of Dr. Whitley Stokes. This, then, is how the story runs :

Now Patrick went to the summit of the mountain, not only to fast but above all to pray for the people of Ireland, and he was resolved to do violence to heaven until his petitions¹ were granted. The angel then came to him to tell him that God was disposed to grant his petitions, although he was excessive and obstinate in urging them and the requests were also great in themselves. "Is that His will?" said Patrick. "It is," said the angel. "Well then," said Patrick, "I will urge them, and I will not go from this Rick² till I am dead, or till all the petitions are granted to me;" and so he abode on the mountain in much disquietude, without food, without drink, from Shrove Saturday until Easter Sunday, after the manner of Moses, son of Amra; for they were alike in many things, but especially in this,—that God spoke to both out of the fire, that the age of both was at their death 120 years and that the burial-place of both is unknown.

We are rather surprised to find that Archbishop Healy accepts unquestioningly the tradition of St. Patrick's great age of one hundred and twenty years, seemingly on the ground that it is repeated by all the biographers. The parallel between the Irish apostle and Moses was always before them from the first, and this alone would sufficiently explain their fixing upon that term of years.³ So, again, it would seem to the present writer unsafe to build upon a statement in the *Tripartite Life*, that Patrick sent an envoy to Rome to congratulate St. Leo the Great on his election.⁴ Can a Life which is, as all admit, so largely a work of the imagination, be trusted for such details? A minor point which has struck us regards the then duration of Lent. Dr. Healy speaks of Shrove Saturday, but we venture to submit that St. Patrick's fast began not on the Saturday

¹ On the development of the legend of St. Patrick's petitions, see Bury, in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, vol. xxxii. pp. 210, 218, 223, 256, 259, and the "Flotsam and Jetsam" of this present number of THE MONTH.

² Rick or Reek seems to be simply our English word *rick*, as in *hayrick*. Joyce, in his *Irish Local Names explained*, interprets *Cruach* as "rick, or round stacked-up hill."

³ Deut. xxxiv. 7.

⁴ Archbishop Healy, p. 647.

before, but *after* Quinquagesima. Shrove Saturday, which oddly enough appears in one place in Dr. Stokes' translation as *Whit* Saturday,¹ is represented in the Irish by *sathairn initi*, which last word is surely only the *quadragesimalis initii*, which still stands in our Roman Missal in the Secret for the first Sunday of Lent. From the Saturday before Quinquagesima to the Saturday before Easter would be forty-nine days, not forty. Our narrative, however, continues :

But meanwhile Patrick was by his prayers and fasting doing violence to heaven, and he was greatly tormented. For towards the close of his term of forty days and nights, the mountain was filled with black birds, so that he knew not—that is, could neither see—heaven nor earth. He sang maledictive psalms against them, but they still held on. Then he grew wrathful and rang his bell against them, “so that all the men of Erin heard its voice,”² and as the birds still kept flying round him he flung the holy bell at them, whereby a piece was broken out of it, whence it was called *Bernan Brigitte*, or Brigid's gapling, because, it seems, Brigid had given the bell to Patrick. Then Patrick's heart was filled with grief, the tears in streams flowed down his cheeks, and even his chasuble was wet with them. At length the demon birds disappeared, and no demon bird for seven years, seven months, seven days and seven nights afterwards came to torment the land of Erin.

So far as it is possible to identify it, this seems to have been the historic occasion when St. Patrick finally banished the reptiles from Erin. None of his more ancient biographers mention the circumstance, but the tradition, as Archbishop Healy assures us, is a very venerable one. It appears first in the Life of the Saint by Jocelyn, Abbot of Furness, who wrote towards the close of the twelfth century, and who expressly states that from the day St. Patrick gave his blessing to the land of Erin from the Reek, no poisonous thing has ever appeared there. Giraldus Cambrensis, Jocelyn's contemporary, an unfriendly critic of all things Irish, was familiar with the belief that St. Patrick's blessing had effected this marvel, but he rejects the explanation, and declares that Ireland's privilege was simply due to the natural qualities of the soil.³ In confirmation

¹ *Tripartite Life* (Rolls Series), p. 113.

² When St. Patrick rang his bell at the end of his fast, Jocelyn also declares that the sound was heard throughout all Ireland, and he adds that from this example no one should doubt that the last trumpet would be heard in every part of the world. (Jocelyn, cap. 173.)

³ Giraldus Cambrensis, *Topographia Hibernica*, dist. i. caps. 28, 29.

of this view he appeals to Venerable Bede, and quotes his words that "Ireland is much more salubrious than Britain—so much so that no creeping thing is wont to be seen there, no snake can live."¹ However, Bede, of course, was long posterior to St. Patrick, hence his negative testimony is in no sense conclusive. The really serious difficulty arises from the statement of Caius Julius Solinus, a Latin geographer, who wrote about A.D. 180, and who testifies two hundred years before St. Patrick was born that in Ireland there were no snakes.² However, we may follow our author's prudent example when he says,

We will not attempt to settle this controversy, or decide on the truth of the alleged facts. For eight hundred years at least the popular voice has attributed this immunity to the merits of St. Patrick and his blessing of Ireland from the Reek. That he drove away the demons of infidelity and paganism, corporeal or incorporeal, cannot be questioned; and Jocelyn says he drove away the toads and serpents also, in order that the demons, if they returned, might have no congenial abode in which to take refuge.

In any case the legend, or tradition, undoubtedly has its seat at Croagh Patrick, in County Mayo. Does not the song say?—we quote, inaccurately we fear, from memory :

The hill of Tara's high and steep,
And so's the hill of Howth, Sir,
But there's another, higher still
Much higher than them both, Sir.
And on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached a sarmint,
Which drove the frogs into the bogs
And banished all the varmint.

But it is time to return to Archbishop Healy's account of the Saint's Lenten prayer upon the Reek.

Now when the demon birds were gone an angel came to console Patrick, and the angel cleansed his chasuble from the tear stains and brought beautiful white birds around the Rick, which sang sweet melodies to comfort the afflicted Saint. The angel too announced the granting of his first petition. "Thou shalt bring," he said, "an equal number of souls—equal to the birds—out of pain, yea, as many as can fill all the space sea-ward before your eyes!" "That is not much of a

¹ "Salubritate multum Britanniae praestat Hibernia, ita ut . . . nullum ibi reptile videri soleat, nullus vivere serpens valeat." (Bede, *Histor. Eccles.* i. cap. 3.)

² "Illic (in Hibernia) nullus anguis, avis rara, gens inhospita et bellicosa." (Petrie, *Monumenta Britanniae*, p. x.)

boon," said Patrick, "for mine eyes cannot reach far over the sea." "Then thou shalt have as many as will fill both sea and land," said the angel; but Patrick recalling his sorrows and the crowds of demons that had surrounded him, said: "Is there anything more that He granteth me?" "Yes," said the angel, "seven persons on every Saturday till Doomsday shall be taken out of Hell (that is torment) by your prayers!" "Let twelve be given me," said Patrick. "You shall have them," said the angel, "so now get thee gone from the Rick!" "I will not go," said Patrick, "since I have been tormented, till I am blessed" (by having my petitions granted). Then said the angel, "thou shalt have seven on Thursday and twelve on Saturday, so get thee gone now!" "No," said Patrick, "I must have more!" Then said the angel: "a great sea shall overwhelm Ireland seven years before the day of Judgment" (so that they will not be tormented in Erin by the signs and wonders of that day) "Now get thee gone." "No," said Patrick, "I must still be blessed." Then, said the angel: "Is there aught else you would have?" "Yes," said Patrick, "that the Saxons shall never hold Ireland by consent or force so long as I dwell in heaven." "Thou shalt have this, too," said the angel, "so now get thee gone." "Not yet," said Patrick; "is there aught else granted to me?" "Yes," said the angel; "every-one who shall sing this hymn (that is, the Latin hymn by Sechnall) from one watch to the other shall not have pain or torture." "The hymn is long and difficult," said Patrick. "Then, every one who shall sing it from *Christus illum* to the end (that is, the last four stanzas), and every one who shall give aught in thy name, and every one who shall do penance in Erin, his soul shall not go to hell; so now get thee gone from the Rick." One would think that this was giving much indeed, but Patrick was not yet content. "Is there aught else I am to get?" said he. "Yes," said the angel, "a man for every hair on thy chasuble thou shalt bring out of pains on Doomsday." "Why, any saint will get that number," said Patrick. "How many more do you want?" said the angel. "Seven persons for every hair on my chasuble to be taken out of Hell (or pains) on the day of Doom," said Patrick. "Thou shalt get that, too," said the angel; "so now get thee gone." "Not yet," said Patrick, "except God Himself drive me away." "What else do you want?" said the angel. "This," said Patrick, "that on the day when the twelve thrones shall be on Mount Sion; that is, on the day of Doom, I myself shall be judge over the men of Erin on that day." "But this surely cannot be had from God," said the angel. "Unless it be got, I will not leave this mountain for ever," said Patrick; "and I will leave a guardian on it after me."

It seems almost necessary to remind the reader here that this is really a mediæval document nearly a thousand years old, and not a political squib of the Conservative party in our own

day. The narrative will, at any rate, show that the advantages of systematic and judicious obstruction were not brought to the notice of Irishmen for the first time in the nineteenth century, and that they are recommended by the highest and most venerable example.

With regard to the nature of St. Patrick's requests, Archbishop Healy seems to be of opinion—we judge by his bracketed insertions—that the petition for the liberation of souls from Hell (the Irish word is *iffern*, which simply reproduces the Latin *infernus*), refers only to Purgatory. With the kindred story of St. Gregory and the Emperor Trajan before our eyes, which story unquestionably took its rise in the eighth or ninth century, we think it would be difficult so to limit the plain words of the chronicler. There was not, of course, at this period any doubt in men's minds as to the eternal duration of Hell. The question was whether in an exceptional case God could ever allow space for repentance even to those upon whom sentence of condemnation had already been passed.¹

But we have not yet reached the final outcome of the Saint's intercession for his beloved Irish people.

The angel went to Heaven to see about this petition, and Patrick went to say Mass, to make his own case stronger, no doubt. The angel came back at None after Mass. "All Heaven's powers have interceded for thee," said the angel; "and thy petition has been granted. You are the most excellent man who has appeared since the Apostles—only for your obduracy. But you have prayed, and you have obtained. Strike thy bell now, and fall on thy knees, and a blessing will come upon thee from Heaven, and all the men of Erin living and dead shall be blessed and consecrated to God with thee." "A blessing on the bountiful King who hath given it all," saith Patrick, "and now I leave the Rick."²

"This narrative," adds the Archbishop, "is evidently made up, but yet it is full of meaning." This is a view in which we are thoroughly at one with his Grace, and it would, in our opinion, have been a great pity not to preserve the actual wording of the ancient Life, as he has done, with all its extravagance. There is something which arrests the attention in this lesson of importunate prayer, and it would surely be a mistake to interpret the influence of such a story upon an imaginative and fervent Catholic people by the sentiments

¹ See further in "Flotsam and Jetsam."

² Healy, pp. 230—232.

that a similar tale might provoke in a modern Englishman brought up on strictly Protestant principles and earning his living, let us say, in a lawyer's office, or on the London Stock Exchange. There is, if one may so speak, a certain touch of humorous profanity about this and many kindred Catholic legends which the average Englishman seems peculiarly incapable of appreciating. To him it is the very antithesis of that reverence which is the essence of true piety. None the less, we believe this to be both a misleading and a narrow view, more particularly when there is question of a race whose national characteristics are entirely different from those of the Teuton, and to whom formalism of all kinds is naturally abhorrent.

There is a wild fancy, upon which we cannot linger here, preserved among Patrician legends, that the Saint after his prayer on Crochan Aigli, set keepers on various well-known hills in Ireland. They were believed to belong to Patrick's *familia*, or household, and the eleventh century author of the *Tripartite Life* gravely assures his readers that they are still alive and watching at their posts. Apparently they await the advent of Doomsday to see that the terms of the compact made by the Saint upon the Reek on behalf of the Irish people are faithfully adhered to. But, as the Archbishop told his hearers, that little chapel, newly erected on the top of Croagh Patrick, will serve in future still more effectively than the legendary bell of Patrick's appointed guardian, to remind the faithful of the Saint's undying care for the beloved land of his adoption.

It seems to be a well attested fact that in spite of the steepness of the ascent the paths up the mountain from several different sides have never ceased to be traceable, worn as they constantly are and have been for many hundred years past by the feet of not infrequent pilgrims. In an Appendix to the volume from which we have been borrowing, an account is given of this pilgrimage, and we are reminded how in far distant times King Hugh O'Connor, according to the Annals of Loch Ce, cut off the hands and feet of a highwayman who sought to rob one of the devotees who was journeying to Croagh Patrick. But what will be read with more interest is the following statement, drawn up by a priest who is a native of that countryside and who has been from his earliest years familiar with the traditional practices of the pilgrimage. This, so he entitles it, is the—

ORDER OF THE CROAGHPATRICK STATION.

At the base of the cone of the mountain as one ascends from Murrisk, or from Aghagower, is met the first "garden," or heap of stones. Around this the pilgrim, provided with seven pebbles for the purpose of counting his circuits, walks barefooted seven times, all the while repeating appropriate prayers, generally the Rosary. He then, wearing his shoes if he so desires, struggles to the summit, and then, starting from the little chapel, walks, barefooted, round a beaten pathway, saying his Rosary as before. Instead of fifteen rounds barefooted, one round on bare knees will suffice. This done the pilgrim approaches the altar of the oratory of Templepatrick upon his bare knees.

The next portion of the "station" consists in going to the second "garden," which is on the west or Lecanvey side of the Reek, where there are three piles of stones, round all of which, taken together, the pilgrim walks barefooted, all the while praying, and then seven times in like manner around each of the piles taken separately. Thus the station is finished. Many pilgrims, however, finish by a visit to Kilgeever Well, but this is not part of the Croagh-patrick station.

Templepatrick was seemingly the rude shelter, with its altar, which was in existence on the summit before the present chapel was built. Most assuredly that venerable site deserved a memorial, were it only to commemorate the faith and devotion which had been witnessed there throughout the long ages of persecution. Archbishop Healy, as all must agree, said well when he asked the thousands assembled on that wild hill-top to bear in mind

That through all the history of the past there was no stronger influence at work in Ireland to keep pure and unsullied the faith of their people than those holy pilgrimages during times when there was no church where the priest dare say Mass, when the Catholic religion had legally disappeared from the country, but when no human power could prevent the people coming to that holy hill and praying in patience and suffering that God would preserve to them the faith the Saint had implanted in the land.

We may note in conclusion that some early authorities, *e.g.*, the so-called Nennius, seem to hint at a tradition that St. Patrick died upon the summit of the Reek, and that it was only at the near approach of death that his petitions were finally granted.

HERBERT THURSTON.

In the Wilds of Limerick.

To get to Bruff is an undertaking. Last autumn a brave man cycled there. Then he wrote to me and said: "Don't! the roads are prehistoric." So I didn't. But in thanking him for his advice I begged further counsel. Would he, with his knowledge of the locality, urge my getting behind a tomahawk and so hewing my way to Bruff the inaccessible? To this he replied: "It is the only way."

But on my arrival in Limerick I became passive in the hands of a relative who ordained that we should drive.

To describe Bruff is almost as difficult as to get there. But to be negative and impartial I may say that Bruff could not be mistaken for a metropolis, nor yet for a county town. An optimist might consider it a village, a pessimist a point—a "position," having neither length nor breadth. Its friends, however, regard it as a not unimportant hamlet; but as a conscientious person I prefer myself to call it merely a fact.

When the weather is fine, this fact lies eighteen miles outside the city of Limerick: when it is not, the distance to Bruff baffles calculation. It poured in torrents the day I went, and no living thing was to be seen. The trees dripped disconsolately; the hedges wept in streams; the jarvey looked miserable with the rain running down his spine; the horses' hoofs went *squidge, squidge* into the liquid mud, and the old vehicle with a raucous groan lurched heavily to leeward like a ship at sea; and at every jolt the bones of its four human occupants almost rattled audibly. As for me, the light-weight of the party, I was invariably jerked into mid-air, to return presently to my appointed place with a small, dull thud. I felt conscious of being the sport of circumstance, and I doubted the propriety of such sport. To my thinking it was a liberty, for, I reflected, I was a complete stranger to Limerick, and as such, entitled to more consideration. But in spite of my protests the game of battledore and shuttlecock continued: and Bruff remained where it was.

The vehicle was not ours ; and the thought was a consoling one. Indeed, the glory of its possession was spread over the entire city of Limerick. "Count up your mercies," says the modern sage ; and devoutly did I thank the gods that I was not "bound on the wheel" of the Limerick landau. It was hired. Nay, more—it was archaic : a vehicle with a suggestion of mildew and an absence of spring. From a strictly commercial point of view the landau had obviously nothing to recommend it. But in happy Ireland the spirit of commercialism is unknown. Sufficient was it, in the judgment of Limerick, that the jarvey was an exemplary Catholic, a "decent man," and the local undertaker to boot. So of course he got the job. Nor was the drive less instructive on this account. To begin with, the jarvey's method of mounting the box was in itself a study. He did it with the dignified calm of one who has seen the passing of days, and who has grasped the important principle that all flesh is grass. Yet he looked sympathetic withal. As the French say, *L'appétit vient en mangeant*—and the undertaker's person exhaled a sense of silent condolence which could only have come from a life-long practice. When he wished to see if we were all there he turned his head—mutely and dismally—as if he were viewing corpses ; and it seemed to me as if on the end of each finger he had ticked off a lifeless thing. "Four bodies—right." It was the professional spirit that would out. Then he turned his head round again to its original position and waited. Yes, he waited. After all, waiting was part of his trade. The undertaker waits for us all, and some keep him standing outside for a decade or longer. Therefore I hesitated for a moment before getting into the landau. It seemed to me uncanny. It was like booking a passage across the dark Unseen : crossing the Styx, with Charon at the prow. And instinctively I fumbled for the death penny.

There are moments in life when "to think is to be full of sorrow ;" and sitting on this quasi-bier behind the gloomy undertaker, I experienced in that hour all the bitterness of dissolution. Since the drive to Bruff I never see a hearse jolt over a rough road that I do not stop and murmur commiserating, "I was once a corpse."

It was with the hope of diverting my mind from these dreary reflections, that I stretched out my hand to raise the window—for the rain was beating in. But at this point the sepulchral

Jehu roused himself from his accustomed lethargy, and warned us not to meddle with the vehicle.

"The landau is old," he said slowly, and, after a death-like pause, "the window is gone." Had a cold spray been flung up from the River of Hades it could not have struck more chill. His words were fraught with the philosophy of one who buries dead men. They suggested that life was but a fleeting pageant, of which the end was disintegration. And all the while Bruff evaded our view. So we sat solemn-eyed, in the ancient landau, just as the Patriarch and his party must have sat in the Ark, peering through the vacant window; while we waited for the waters to subside.

In these days of scientific research it was humiliating to be baffled by so small a thing as Bruff. But so it was—the further we went, the more distant it grew. Not that we, the occupants, felt any sense of monotony, for apart from the keen speculation of how long the conveyance would hold together, a festive spirit survived. Our party consisted of two Religious and two profane souls. So the time passed in cheerful conversation, punctured by peals of laughter. The rain having now ceased, it was thought an inspiration to let down the top of the landau. One after another we each of us tried to achieve this result. In vain! Then a head was thrust out and our joint wish conveyed to the Jehu. No answer. The landau jolted along its uneven way. We tried again: same result. The driver sat unmoved, looking straight ahead, as if he would fathom eternity. Accustomed to carrying corpses he had fallen into the pardonable mistake of thinking his "fares" were not entitled to express any opinion. So he drove on unheeding, while I blinked my eyes in astonishment, and began to wonder whether I was dead or alive—in the flesh or out of it. Finally, our polite request having been merged into a command, the undertaker pulled up, and turning round, he eyed us in sorrow.

"It is nailed up," was all he said. The hearse moved on at a foot pace; and the ruts came out to meet us.

It is not recorded how Noah felt when he saw the green twig; nor is the joy of Columbus set down, when first he sighted America. But the combined feelings of these nautical celebrities were surely as nothing compared to our joy at descrying Bruff, which rose above the flat green sea—a sea of grass. At first it was just a few cabins sitting on the moist ground, with the ragged thatch pulled over their heads; then came some cobble stones

over which we rattled, passing as we went a doctor's residence, a bank, and finally a shop, in the window of which were some sticky things in bottles, some yards of ribbon and a roll of calico—and lo! 'twas Bruff!

Far be it from me to malign any place of human habitation without due knowledge, but this much I may say, that to me on that first day Bruff consisted of three cows and a pig. And having made a note of these, we drove on. The road then took us over the grey bridge which spans "The Morning Star," as it swirled merrily along, to fall in long cascades, before it bustled away through the green fields, for unlike Bruff, the Morning Star was always in a hurry. Beyond the bridge lay another wet road down which we went, until we came to a tall, staid gate. Here the quasi-undertaker stopped, drawing rein slowly and sadly. From his manner it might have been a cemetery gate, for he mechanically scanned the horizon for the missing mutes.

But before any mute had time to arrive the gate was thrown open from within, and a smiling, pink-cheeked Sister gave us welcome.

This was the oasis in the desert—the convent of Bruff. And how pleasant it was to hear the soft gravel crunch under our wheels and to see the close-cropped grass which bordered the drive, and to smell the flowers which bent their clustered heads with the weight of the rain-drops. Then we reached the steps before the hall-door. Immediately the door opened and down the steps came the community, like a flight of welcoming birds. And in the happy buzz of greeting and the welcome which was extended to me, I realized that it was good to arrive in the train of a Mother Provincial. A few hours later, we all assembled once more to see the ancient landau depart. I felt then that I had said good-bye to the world and its vanities, for it bore away my worldly relative, leaving me like a pelican in the wilderness—alone with the community.

It was towards evening that the rain cleared and a conventual kinswoman slipped her arm into mine, and together we paced the trim garden paths and exchanged confidences in the convent quietude—a quietude that was only broken by the loud cawing of the rooks. That night I slept in a long, silent dormitory; a vista of white-curtained alcoves, and the last thing I was conscious of was the noiseless parting of the curtains and of a Sister tucking me in; and her inquiry, "Was there anything

I'd like ?" Hospitable St. Mary's! And then, in a whisper, for it was quite nine o'clock, when all good nuns should be a-bed, she softly commended me to Heaven's care. The white curtains closed again and I settled down among the snowy whiteness, and fell asleep, to dream of another convent bed far away, where the curtains used to fall in the same long folds, and high above the convent the Southern Cross blazed in the blue.

It was refreshing next day to see the work that St. Mary's was doing, especially with Bruff as a foil. Here, as elsewhere in Ireland, the educational standard was well maintained, not to speak of the perfection of the technical department. Indeed, after seeing the finely-equipped lecture-rooms and laboratories in the Green Isle, I think I may say that Irish convent education more than challenges anything I have seen either in England or abroad.

Nor was the education at St. Mary's confined to arts and sciences. This convent at Bruff was a "middle-class school," whose pupils were drawn from the farmers' daughters in the neighbourhood; therefore the aim of the convent authorities was to give their pupils a practical knowledge of the useful sciences: how to cook a dinner, how to wash, and mangle, and iron—none of these things were forgotten at Bruff.

Thus, at regular intervals, special lectures were given by a qualified instructress, sent down by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, where in the building set apart for the purpose Domestic Economy lectures were supplemented by lectures on cookery and laundry work, these being followed by practical demonstrations. By such means, when a girl leaves St. Mary's she is always in a position to take an active interest in all that concerns her home life. And, apart from the love of home thus inculcated, a love of country is also fostered. The Gaelic language is here studied assiduously, and the history of Ireland and of its archæological remains is constantly kept in view.

Among the interesting old spots round Bruff is the circle of stones, beyond Grange. Alas! their antiquity mocks our efforts in research; and mind questions mind in vain. Was it of Druidical origin as was Stonehenge? What was the meaning of the circle—so perfect as to suggest mathematical precision? How decipher the high stone, ten feet in height with its flattened top? or how discover the use of the hollowed-out stone beside the narrow entrance? It has been thought by some

that infants were bathed in the hollow of the granite before being sacrificed on the high sacrificial stone. But this is discredited by Celtic historians, who deny that human sacrifice was ever practised in Ireland; and besides this, we know that the ancient Druids of Ireland were magicians rather than priests. So the circle of stones stands in the lonely field and challenges the wisdom of the wise, while it speaks of a day—perchance of a dynasty of which we know nothing.

As Michael Fairless says in speaking of the great mysterious world of nature, and of us, the ignorant earth-dwellers, that

shut in by the intangible dark, we are brought up against those worlds within worlds which are blotted out by our concrete life; the working of the great microcosm, at which we peer dimly through the little window of science; the wonderful breathing earth; the pulsing, throbbing sap; the growing fragrance shut in the calyx of to-morrow's flower; the heart beat of a sleeping world which we dream that we know; and around, above, impenetrating all, the world of dreams, of angels and of spirits.

Yet, little as we can decipher the world about us, it is good, methinks, to study this book, and to turn over the pages with our blundering, childish fingers, were it only to learn that all things are set for a sign. "Man's life passeth as a shadow," says Job. And so, by Loch Ghur, history and dust are one, and the mind chants a *Requiem* over the circle of stones which mayhap were raised by the hands of some old-time seekers, who set them up in testimony of The Unknown God.

There is a rugged mountain near Grange which rises up from the edge of Loch Ghur, while it calls to the water-birds to come; and the birds give answer with a wild, piercing cry, spreading their wings in broad flight. The cry of the wild birds thrills the solitude, as they circle over the wind-swept rushes. It is a desolate spot: eerie in its desolation. No human sound disturbs the echoes. The breathing, living woods lie back in silence, as though listening for the passing of a spirit. In the woods there is a church, but the little church looks desolate too, and in the garden of sleep there are rank weeds.

We brushed through the high grass, and on past some moss-grown tombs, with here and there a Celtic cross among them. Many of these were sadly out of the perpendicular. It may be that parishioners did not die often at Grange; and, as I was careful to reflect, when a man dies only once, it is

perhaps difficult to acquire a proficiency in burying him. But I thought that God's Acre looked wistful and sad; and so evidently did the pitying grass, for it rose up and covered the lonely tombs.

The door of the church stood ajar, the walls were white-washed, and the pews were empty. There was no lamp to speak of an abiding Presence; nay! the little woodland church might have been a place of ghostly habitation.¹

Inside the entrance stood a table, on which lay some tracts with nibbled corners, seeing which, I wondered if any ecclesiastical mice had been absorbing the tracts. But on a closer scrutiny I saw that they had only sampled them. Evidently the texture of the paper or the quality of the controversy was not to their taste, for they had left the polemical literature half-consumed, and had taken to their holes in preference.

The wind blew in our faces as we drove home along the flat, muddy road to Bruff, and presently we breasted a low-backed car driven by a peasant girl—her shawl drawn over her head and her bare feet dangling beside the shaft. In the car was a huge can of milk. This she was taking from an outlying farm to the nearest co-operative dairy, where the milk of the neighbourhood is churned collectively, after which it is made into butter according to the most approved method, and so placed in quantity upon the public market. The inauguration of this scheme of co-operation, which bids fair to revolutionize things in Ireland, whether by revivifying trade, or, in places, by creating it, is due to the labours of Sir Horace Plunkett, who in the face of difficulties which might well have deterred another, still continues to labour unceasingly for the material advancement of his country.

It was, therefore, a welcome sight in the wilds of Limerick, to come up with the low-backed car, with its burnished milk-can. It seemed to me a foreshadowing of better things: a blending of the old and the new, of which the outcome promises to be an industrial Ireland—a hope which is even now in the travail of birth.

But hardly had we passed the low-backed car, than I saw running ahead of it, a large pink pig. The sight of the pig was to me a genuine cause of satisfaction, inasmuch as it testified to a certain continuity of tradition. For, in view of the Irish pig

¹ The church in the woods has only a Sunday service, hence there is no reservation.

having been, for so long the intimate friend of the family; oftentimes indeed "the gentleman that paid the rent," it must have been hard, from the pig's point of view, to be suddenly excluded from the domestic hearth and council. It was for this reason that I rejoiced to see that he still held a place in Irish hearts. No longer a holocaust, he was now a social asset, and as such chaperoned his mistress on her daily errands. *O tempora, O mores.* It was the adaptability of the Celtic pig that compelled my admiration. And I noticed, too, as he stepped it out blithely on the road from Grange, that in the frisk of his small curly tail there was not an atom of resentment.

That evening as I wandered in the convent garden, another item of interest met my gaze. What it was I knew not; neither could I imagine its use in the economy of things. It might have been a giant hat-box; or a sausage machine dating from antediluvian times—or a crematory apparatus which had survived the Flood, and been handed down to an unappreciative world. But no, it was none of these things; it lay outside the realms of speculation. So I waited its nearer approach. Then I saw that—whatever it was—it was drawn by a spent quadruped, which forced me into the conclusion that it was a vehicle.

To say that this weird conveyance was next of kin to the Limerick landau was to be guilty of a gross anachronism; but it would be quite safe to assert that this was its lawful progenitor. With decrepit steps, and creaking at every joint, it seemed to be feeling its way along the convent drive, and as it came on warily—advancing, so to speak, on all fours, it struck me that the incoming vehicle was a compound of rheumatism and senile decay. Then came a final jolt—and lo! three human souls were forcibly ejected from the back door, and dumped unceremoniously upon the gravel. The method of landing passengers was crude if effective; and though the passengers must have been used to it, they still seemed struck with an astonishment that custom could not stale. Yes. The "fares" seemed surprised, as well they might be, to find themselves on *terra firma*, and while they endeavoured to dissociate themselves from the moist gravel, I saw a shudder pass through the ancient vehicle, and with a sigh of relief it regained its normal position. It was then I noticed a wisp of hay hanging out of the back of the vehicle, giving one the impression that, for want of sufficient pins, its hair had somehow come down.

So I gazed at this thing in silent wonder, and tried in vain to place it. Then I said to my kinswoman: "Would you mind telling me what that is?" and I pointed a critical finger at this enormity on wheels.

My kinswoman laughed.

"Have you never seen one before? It is an inside-car," she said.

"Any particular date?" I asked, meditatively.

"Date unknown," she replied.

This information was negative enough, yet it sent my thoughts scurrying down a vista of the history of the universe.

"And the younger Tobias *walked* with the angel," I murmured. There was a lengthy pause. "Wouldn't you have done the same?" said I to my companion.

She looked at me inquiringly.

"After all," I urged in extenuation, "any alternative was better than an inside-car."

Then, as I studied its ancient outline and its general anatomy, I regretted that Lot's wife had not driven in this particular conveyance. For if she had, she would assuredly never have sighted the doomed city. She might have done other things. For instance, she might easily have died of suffocation; or she might probably have given way to melancholia; or have dislocated her neck in the attempt to peer out into a sunlit world.

But never could she have been turned into a pillar of salt. The build of the vehicle precluded such a possibility. She would have been saved in spite of herself. Indeed, it seemed to me as I gazed at the inside-car which apparently was indigenous to the earth when time was young, that it had been specially designed in anticipation of the tragedy of Gomorrah. . . .

On the other side of Bruff, seven miles distant, was the town of Kilmallock. I went to see it. But alas! it rained and rained. So instead of visiting ruined abbeys and Celtic remains, we took shelter in the modern church—a beautiful edifice rich in colour and architecture, the east window being copied from the ancient window in the crumbling ruin close by, which abbey I could just see through a mist of tears. Then the rain cleared, and we got up on an outside car, and so swung along the seven miles of road which lay between Kilmallock and Bruff. But this time I saw a

new Bruff. To be exact it was only another side of the same Bruff, for this was the side which had lent itself to the new ideas. Here each little cottage by the roadside was spotless with whitewash: no pig played by the threshold; no manure-heap marred the view; instead, before each window old-world flowers grew; and roses, yellow and red, climbed lovingly up the wall. For now-a-days an annual prize is allotted to the neatest cottage and the best-kept flower-bed, and it is worth while, for now the land is to be the people's own, and none may wrest it from them. And lo! in the wilds of Limerick a new Bruff had mounted upon the crest of the wave of progress: a wave which carried with it a hope of better things.

In the poor schools there was evidence too of still more enlightenment. For adjoining this school, where the secular and religious instruction was given, stood the School for Domestic Economy before mentioned, which school-hall was lent by St. Mary's so many times per week for the benefit of the poor. Here the adult feminine population of Bruff are taught the art of household management.

But, to my mind, perhaps the most important development at Bruff was the stocking industry. In this department, which is also attached to the convent, the young Irish girls of the locality are trained in the use of the various knitting-machines. And with their clever fingers and their quick Irish intelligence, many are the dainty woollen garments made, besides stockings. The object of this industry, as indeed of all the industrial schemes which are now springing up in Ireland, is to stem the tide of emigration.

In these days one is tired and saddened by the statistics of the annual exodus of the young and the strong and the efficient; and it is this knowledge which makes one more keenly alive to the urgent necessity of industrial development in Ireland.

Time was, when Ireland had a flourishing trade. Its laces and its woollens and its linens were unsurpassed in the world's market. But in a dark hour, its industries were suppressed; and for centuries the hand of coercion lay heavy upon the land. For centuries there waged a war—not so much a war of material conquest, though that were sad enough in itself—but a war against the powers of darkness. In this long-drawn battle the weaker nation was finally stripped of its possessions, crippled by disabilities, and straitened by poverty;

the conquerors leaving their foes like stricken men in a barren field. It was a field of blood. But in spite of his wounds, each man of the nation was true, every soul was faithful to his God. And throughout the dreary night of persecution even until now, the light of faith still burns in Irish hearts, and the exiled Irish missionary is ever as the light shining in the darkness. For centuries Ireland has been a sacrificial nation—a nation that has lived not for earth, for its hope lay beyond the borders of time. God draws a nation upward by the cords of bitter sorrow. "If any man will come after Me," says the Master, "let him take sorrow for his friend." Such is Heaven's way! Ireland bowed her head under the hand of Heaven's dealing, and chose to walk with sorrow. For this, too, she has received a reward that is not of earth, her guerdon has been the martyr's share:

A kiss of fire on the dim brow of failure,
A crown upon her uncrowned head.

But to-day the clouds are breaking, and it may be that the time is even now at hand when Ireland shall once more take her commercial place among the nations.

It is for this reason that one studies with interest the industrial development, as yet in its infancy, which is springing into life in different parts of Ireland. And in the wilds of Limerick I found that the methods and aims were not without their lesson.

This stocking industry of Bruff is formulated on co-operative principles, by which method the worker receives, in addition to the minimum wage, a part profit in her labour. This, of course, is the ideal and the only just system of remuneration, but it is one which finds small favour among us in England. The co-operative system does not commend itself to the capitalist. But in Ireland the Catholic spirit is happily still uppermost, and humanity to the worker is a necessary corollary to the industrial scheme.

It is this practical spirit of religion, as applied to the principles of labour, that gives the Irish industrial movement a living value; and in the success of these isolated ventures lies the future success of Ireland.

And amid a universal sadness—a sadness which has brooded for centuries like a storm cloud over a stricken land, one cannot

but pray that the dawn of a brighter day has come, when the daughters of Erin shall no longer need to seek a livelihood upon a foreign shore ; when the sight shall be no more of a young Irish girl waiting at the wayside station, her eyes full of tears, and in her hand an emigrant's ticket. . . .

But to-day she is gone—she is lost to her country, this mother of men to come ; and her children will build beyond the seas.

Were I asked at the present time what is Ireland's chief export, I would answer "good women." Ah ! how true are the words of Grattan : "Ireland is a great capacity not yet brought into action."

MAY F. QUINLAN.

An Apologist for Henry VIII.

MR. FROUDE'S endeavour to reverse the verdict of history as to the bluff King Hal has not generally been considered very successful, nor has it convinced either historical experts or the general public. His ill success, however, does not deter Mr. A. F. Pollard from undertaking a like task.

It is now some three years since he contributed a *Life of King Henry* to the sumptuous series issued by Messrs. Goupil, which dealt with the reigns of our more notable sovereigns, or such as afforded the best materials for artistic embellishment. In this volume, Henry was represented as a very good king and constitutional ruler, much misunderstood and misrepresented by historians, one who effected a great and salutary revolution, and was by no means a tyrant, for if he found his Parliament and people so remarkably ready to do his bidding, this was not at all because they were terrorized into such a frame of mind, but simply because they fully approved his measures, seeing things in exactly the same light as did he himself.

At the time of its appearance we called attention to Mr. Pollard's work, expressing our entire dissent from its presentation of facts, and exhibiting some specimens whereby its quality might be estimated.¹ The book is now re-issued in a revised and less ornate form, more suitable for sober history, as an octavo volume, without illustrations, save a portrait as frontispiece, and with notes and references, which had been conspicuous by their absence.² In regard of criticisms such as those offered by ourselves, Mr. Pollard, while repeating exactly as before what he had previously said, has now added in his notes observations which apparently he considers sufficient to justify his statements

¹ THE MONTH, October, 1902, pp. 416, seq.

² *Henry VIII.* By A. F. Pollard, M.A., Professor of Constitutional History at University College, London; Examiner in Modern History in the Universities of Oxford and London; author of *A Life of Cromwell*; *England under Protector Somerset*, &c., &c. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

and dispose of the objections brought against them. His treatment of the questions thus raised is well worthy of attention, as illustrating how the responsibilities of an historian can still be understood by one to whom authority will necessarily be ascribed as being a University professor and examiner, Assistant Editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and a contributor to a work of such pretensions as the *Cambridge Modern History*.

The first instance in which we ventured to criticize Mr. Pollard's narrative was that of the Famous Rood of Boxley, frequently known as the "Rood of Grace," which plays so large a part in history, as a signal example of those monkish frauds whereby religion had been defiled and the people deluded. Its story is now thus repeated in the same terms as previously.

Meanwhile, a vigorous assault was made on the strongholds of superstition: pilgrimages were suppressed, and many wonder-working images were pulled down and destroyed. The famous Rood of Boxley, a figure whose contortions had once imposed upon the people, was taken to the market-place at Maidstone, and the ingenious mechanism whereby the eyes and lips miraculously opened and shut, was exhibited to the vulgar gaze.¹

This is, no doubt, the old traditional account of the matter, given, with picturesque variations, one after another by historians of the pre-scientific period,—but we expressed our wonder that it should be adopted by a scholar of our own critical age, without at least some attempt to meet the objections to its veracity which have recently been urged. The late Father Bridgett, in particular, has published an elaborate examination of the story,² and, after an exhaustive examination of all available evidence, argues with much force that, as told by those from whom Mr. Pollard takes it, it is devoid of foundation, inasmuch as there was no attempt at trickery or miracle-mongering about the matter. Precisely similar, as we likewise pointed out, is the view adopted by Dr. James Gairdner, the weight of whose authority will hardly be questioned. It is, apparently, in order to discount such criticism that the following curt note is now appended:

Father Bridgett, in his *Blunders and Forgeries*, repudiates the idea that these "innocent toys" had been put to any superstitious use, from which it will naturally be understood that Father Bridgett, admitting the truth of the account given in the text,

¹ P. 380.

² *The Rood of Boxley, or How a Lie grows.*

denies that the use made of the Rood was "superstitious," and therefore considers it "innocent."

Here, it is to be observed, in the first place, that Mr. Pollard says nothing about Dr. Gairdner,—a very serious omission. Moreover, he has seemingly considered the matter so unimportant as not to have taken the trouble to ascertain what the authorities cited against him actually say, for he attributes to Father Bridgett, within quotation marks, words which he never used. Nowhere does he speak of "innocent toys," nor employ any phrase more nearly resembling this than the following:

In all this there was pageantry, childish pageantry if you like, but no imposture.¹

It is Dr. Gairdner who speaks of "toys," though neither does he qualify them as "innocent." Thus, in a Preface to *Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, he writes:²

Such curious toys were occasionally manufactured by monks, whose genius shone in the construction of mechanism; and like other toys they had their day.

While in a more recent work he says of the Rood of Boxley:³

It was an old-fashioned toy, which apparently had long been laid aside.

In another respect Mr. Pollard's note is more gravely misleading. He still speaks of this as being but one example amongst "many" supposed wonder-working images whose frauds are alleged to have been similarly exposed, and Father Bridgett is represented as allowing as much, for to speak of "these innocent toys" is to speak not of an individual object, but of a class. But Father Bridgett is as far from admitting the existence of such a class, as he is from using the phrase we have seen ascribed to him. On the contrary, he stoutly maintains that although it has been the constant practice of uncritical writers to speak in this manner, there is no excuse for so doing, inasmuch as the Rood of Boxley is the one solitary instance in which trickery of this kind was ever specifically alleged. There were, doubtless, not a few figures constructed like mechanical dolls—"curious toys" as Dr. Gairdner styles them—which could be made to perform certain movements; but in no other instance

¹ *Blunders and Forgeries*, p. 168.

² Vol. XIII. p. viii.

³ *The English Church in the Sixteenth Century*, p. 199.

do we hear of a charge of imposture or supposed wonder-working. They were, as Father Bridgett says, intended but as pageants, which, however childish, were so manifestly devoid of any intent to deceive, that no one ever thought of bringing such a charge; and to speak, as does Mr. Pollard, of "many wonder-working images" being then pulled down and destroyed, is consequently not history, but romance.¹

From what has been said, the purpose will be understood for which, in the judgment of Father Bridgett and Dr. Gairdner, the mechanism of the Boxley Rood was designed. Despite the fanciful particulars contributed by subsequent writers, it is perfectly clear, from the evidence, that the movements producible were confined to the eyes and the lower jaw, by which means, in a rude sort of a way, the figure might be represented at one time as that of a living man, at another as that of a corpse. Possibly, too, the arms could be lowered, so that the image might in Holy Week be laid in a sepulchre, as is still the practice in some primitive Catholic communities. It is possible to suppose that the mechanism was employed to this extent to impress the popular imagination, but not that it was ever represented or regarded as anything else but mechanism. Had an image "compact," as one author tells us, "of wood, wire, paste and paper," or, as another has it, "of paper and clouts from the legs upward, legs and arms of timber"—had such an image performed one tithe of the feats with which it has been credited, it would follow that this product of the Dark Ages put utterly to shame the best devices of the most skilful of modern jugglers, even of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke. Yet to judge from the language he employs, Mr. Pollard would appear to have no difficulty in accepting absurdities which should be their own refutation.²

¹ Of Bishop Barlow's sermon against idolatry, delivered at Paul's Cross, November 27, 1547, Dr. Gairdner writes [*Church of England in the Sixteenth Century*, p. 253]: "He was able to exhibit for general execration 'a picture (i.e., image) of the Resurrection of Our Lord, made with vices which put out his legs of sepulchre, and blessed with his hand and turned his head'—something of the same old childish kind as the Rood of Boxley. The day, no doubt, had come for putting away childish things, and 'after the sermon,' as the chronicler goes on to say, 'the boys broke the idols to pieces.'"

² The details supplied on this subject by various writers are marvellous examples of the impossibilities which the credulity born of prejudice will accept without hesitation. Mr. Froude—following Foxe—tells us that "the image used to smile and bow, and frown or shake its head, as its worshippers were generous or close-handed." Dr. Hook: that "it was made to open its eyes, to move its lips, to expand its mouth, and to perform other grimaces indicative of approbation, when a wealthy ignoramus

It is, moreover, manifest, as Dr. Gairdner has observed, that whatever use may once have been made of the mechanism, such as it was, this had long been out of use, and seems to have even been forgotten by those who were chiefly concerned. The evidence for this is the very fountain-head of our information on the subject, the report of Jeffrey Chamber, Cromwell's commissioner, who was sent to "deface" the monastery and "pluck down" its images, for it had already been condemned and surrendered to the King before any question arose as to the Rood. It is needless to remark that the officers charged with such a commission were certainly not disposed to minimize what evidence could be discovered disparaging those against whom it was so important to excite public opinion, and to make it appear that they were righteously condemned. Chamber thus reports to his employer :

Upon the defacing of the late monastery of Boxley and plucking down of the images of the same, I found in the image of the Rood of Grace, the which heretofore hath been had in great veneration of people, certain engines and old wire with old rotten sticks in the back of the same, that did cause the eyes of the same to move and stir in the head thereof like unto a living thing ; and also the nether lip in like wise to move as though it should speak. Which so found was not a little strange to me and other that was present at the plucking down of the same. Whereupon the abbot hearing this bruit did thither resort, whom with other the old monks I did examine of their knowledge of the premisses, who do declare themselves ignorant of the same.¹

made an offering of jewels or of gold." According to Russell : "It had been often seen to move, to bend, to raise itself, shake its head, hands and feet, roll its eyes, and move its lips." William Lambard [*Perambulation of Kent*] declares that the figure was able "to bow down and lift up itself, to shake and stir the hands and feet, to nod the head, to roll the eyes, to wag the chaps, to bend the brows, and finally to express to the eye both the proper motion of each member of the body, and also a lively, express, and significant show of a well-contented or displeased mind, biting the lip, and gathering a frown, froward and disdainful face, when it would pretend offence, and showing a most mild, amiable, and smiling cheer and countenance when it would seem to be well pleased." William Peterson [*Zurich Letters* (Parker Society) p. 664] asserts that at times it "used to move its eyes, to weep, and to nod." Nicholas Partridge [*Ibid.* p. 609] says that "it rolled its eyes, foamed at the mouth, and poured forth tears down its cheeks." Finally, we read in a scurrilous ballad, preserved by Foxe :

He was made to juggle ; his eyes would goggle,
He would bend his brows and frown,
With his head he would nod, like a proper young god,
The shafts would go up and down.

¹ It is instructive to compare with this testimony of an eye-witness the descriptions

Such is Chamber's account. It would not appear that he himself knew anything previously of alleged miraculous movements, for he does not connect the machinery with anything of the kind, nor does he speak of deceptions discovered elsewhere.

The mechanism as he describes it does not seem to have been very formidable or calculated to deceive anybody. As to the monks, they denied all knowledge, "meaning apparently," says Dr. Gairdner,¹ "that they knew nothing of the history of the apparatus, which had probably been long disused." No attempt is recorded as having been made in order to refresh their memory or convict them of imposture and falsehood, and to punish them as those were wont to be punished who were declared guilty of nefarious practices. On the contrary, they were treated with as much leniency as the most favoured of their brethren in misfortune, and received pensions as large as were granted to members of suppressed religious houses.²

It is not with the Rood of Boxley itself that we are now directly concerned, but with Mr. Pollard's historical method, and enough has been said of this particular sample to show that if he wished to vindicate the version of this tale which he has adopted, he should be prepared with something better in the way of evidence than he has thought fit to display; and this the more since in his Preface he lays so much stress on the

of the machinery furnished by other writers. The italics in the following quotations are ours :

According to Russell [*Hist. of Modern Europe*, i. 582.—Edit. 1850]: "On removing the image it was discovered that the whole was effected by certain springs concealed in the body, which was hollow, from the wall against which it was placed." According to an authority cited by Burnet: "*Throughout his channelled body were hidden pipes*, in which the master of the mysteries had introduced, through little apertures, a ductile wire; the passages being nevertheless concealed by thin plates." Wriothesley says that the eyes and lips were moved "by strings of hair." Foxe describes the crucifix as "*an old rotten stock, wherein a man should stand enclosed with a hundred wires within the Rood*, to make the image goggle with the eyes, to move and shake his jaws according to the value of the gift that was offered." Finch [*Zurich Letters*, 606] says that all the trickery was effected "by means of some person pulling a cord, most artfully concealed and ingeniously inserted *at the back*." Hume speaks of "the springs and wheels by which [the image] was ingeniously moved." Dr. Hook, of "the strings and wires and pulleys," by which the various movements we have heard him describe were produced. Canon Curteis, of Lichfield, introduces "a sponge cleverly concealed behind" to supply tears.

¹ *L. and P.* vol. XIII. p. viii.

² According to what Dr. Gairdner calls "a rather doubtful story," told a generation later by William Lambard, there existed a narrative, which he had seen, published "in print" by the monks themselves, in which the crucifix was described as the work of a clever carpenter—not a monk—in the time of the French wars, and its movements as due to his inventive genius.

advantages enjoyed by the modern historian in the ample sources of original information which he has at his disposal.

Let us now pass to another example, still more serious.

Of Henry's most illustrious victims, Fisher and More, Mr. Pollard writes thus:¹ The italics are ours.

Condemned justly or not by the law, both sought their death in a quarrel which is as old as the hills and will last till the crack of doom. Where shall we place the limits of conscience, and where those of the national will? Is conscience a luxury which only a king may enjoy in peace? *Fisher and More refused to accommodate theirs to Acts of Parliament, but neither believed conscience to be the supreme tribunal.* More admitted that in temporal matters his conscience was bound by the laws of England, in spiritual matters his conscience was bound by the will of Christendom, and on *that* ground both Fisher and he rejected the plea of conscience when urged by the heretics they condemned to the flames . . . Fisher and More protested by their death against a principle which they had practised in life.

On this we observed three years ago:

Such a verdict will assuredly startle readers who know anything of those upon whom it is passed. What possible ground, it will be asked, has Mr. Pollard for assertions so astounding? Upon what does he base his paradox that men whom none have ever denied to have died for conscience' sake alone did not in truth acknowledge the claims of conscience?

Such questions Mr. Pollard now undertakes to answer, in a note which runs thus:

This statement has been denounced as "astounding" in a Roman Catholic periodical; yet if More believed individual conscience (*i.e.*, private judgment) to be superior to the voice of the Church, how did he differ from a Protestant? The statement in the text² is merely a paraphrase on More's own, when he says that men are "not bound on pain of God's displeasure to change their conscience for any particular law made anywhere³ *except by a general council or a general faith growing by the working of God universally through all Christian nations.*"

In thus defending himself, Mr. Pollard, of course, shows conclusively how completely he misunderstands the question concerning which he is so positive. He assumes that when More spoke of "Conscience," he meant "private judgment,"

¹ P. 333.

² *I.e.*, that italicized above.

³ The italics here are Mr. Pollard's.

which is the sense in which he himself employs the term. But this was not the sense in which More or his contemporaries understood it, as it is not the sense in which Catholics understand it now. Conscience meant for him, as it means for us, the voice of God recognized as speaking in our souls, and telling us that some things we are bound to do, and others not to do, if we would please Him, and deserve His favour. When More pleaded conscience as forbidding him to take the Oath of Royal Supremacy in matters spiritual, his whole point was that in his soul he felt this Oath imposed by Parliament to be contrary to the law of God. In the passage of which Mr. Pollard "paraphrases" a portion, More's whole point is that by his fidelity or infidelity to the dictates of conscience will a man be judged, and supposing that others take this Oath thinking it in their conscience to be lawful, and himself thinking it to be unlawful, takes it for company's sake, they being sent to Heaven for following their consciences, and he "to the devil" for disobeying his, will any of them, he asks, be willing in return for his complaisance, to go with him to perdition, for company's sake? The objection thereupon being brought that the authority of those who made the law, and of so many who think it permissible to obey it, should suffice to set his conscience at rest in doing likewise,—he replies, that a subject in any State is certainly bound to obey its laws "in every case upon some temporal pain, and in many cases upon pain of God's displeasure," but that no man is bound in conscience to approve every such law as well made, or to obey it in the case—admittedly possible—of its being contrary to the law of God. In one instance alone can there be no such danger, namely that of the Church which is divinely guaranteed from error, so that

To institute anything in such wise to God's displeasure as might not lawfully be performed, the Spirit of God that governeth His Church, never hath yet suffered, nor never hereafter shall.¹

What the Church commands must therefore, says More, be always accepted without scruple of conscience, as being certainly the voice of God;—and what this is may be known either by the formal decree of a General Council, lawfully convened, or by its universal acceptance throughout Christian peoples;—for under God's providence neither can the appointed pastors teach error instead of truth, nor can the whole body of the faithful

¹ *English Works*, 1557, p. 1439.

forsake truth for error. It is not the authority of Christendom which More acknowledges as having a paramount claim on his allegiance, but the authority of God, whereof the agreement of Christendom is for him the infallible token.

This should be perfectly plain to any one who reads More's very full and lucid exposition of his position. But Mr. Pollard loses sight altogether of that upon which all turns. The Will of God as the supreme rule with which conscience must square, the divine assurance that the Church shall never be permitted to err,—of these in his version of More's argument we hear nothing; and so the wonderful conclusion is reached that when he and Fisher spoke of "conscience" they meant "private judgment," and that the only difference between them and their opponents was, that one party chose to pin its faith to such opinions as prevailed in England, and the other to such as prevailed in the larger world of Christendom.

That such a view should appear tenable to any one who has studied More's utterances on the subject, is a marvellous illustration of the hold which this perversion of terms has obtained over the modern mind, as noticed thirty years ago by Cardinal Newman, when, after having explained what Catholics mean by "Conscience," he thus continued :¹

This, I know, is very different from the view ordinarily taken of it, both by the science and literature, and by the public opinion, of this day. It is founded on the doctrine that conscience is the voice of God, whereas it is fashionable on all hands now to consider it in one way or another a creation of man. Of course, there are great and broad exceptions to this statement. It is not true of many or most religious bodies of men; especially not of their teachers or ministers . . . [For such] the rule and measure of duty is not utility, nor expedience, nor the happiness of the greatest number, nor State convenience, nor fitness, order, and the *pulchrum*. Conscience is not a long-sighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with oneself; but it is a messenger from Him, who, both in nature and in grace, speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules by His representatives. . . .

Words such as these are idle empty verbiage to the great world of philosophy now. All through my day there has been a resolute warfare, I had almost said conspiracy, against the rights of conscience, as I have described it. . . . In the popular mind no more than in the intellectual world does "conscience" retain the old, true, Catholic meaning of the word. When men advocate the rights of conscience, they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him, in thought and deed,

¹ *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk on Mr. Gladstone's "Expostulation,"* p. 56.

of the creature ; but the right of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting, according to their judgment or their humour, without any thought of God at all. . . . Conscience is a stern monitor, but in this century it has been superseded by a counterfeit, which the eighteen centuries prior to it never heard of, and could not have mistaken for it, if they had. It is the right of self-will.

Under the influence of this preconception Mr. Pollard can think that More's words are rightly paraphrased by exactly reversing their plain significance, and making him claim the right to take what line he chose, simply because he chose it. But, as is clear, not only from the document we have been considering, but from the whole of his history, for him "Conscience" was, as Newman calls it, a "stern monitor," pointing imperiously to duty, a monitor that would not be argued with but only obeyed.

Thus, when examined before the Lords at Lambeth, he declared that while he himself could not in conscience take the Oath, he was unwilling to condemn others who took it, since they might honestly think it lawful, while he thought otherwise.¹ Thereupon, Cranmer objected that if this were so he could not be sure that his own judgment was right, in which case it was his duty to disregard his private scruples, and comply with his Sovereign's will. To this, says More² (*italics ours*):

I could answer nothing but only that I thought I might not well do so, because in my conscience this was one of the cases I was bound not to obey my prince, since (whatsoever other folk thought in the matter, whose conscience or learning I would not condemn) to my conscience *the truth* seemed on the other side.

The assertion that a man who not only professed such principles but sealed them with his blood, did not really believe conscience to be the supreme tribunal, is certainly as astounding as any that could be made.³

¹ It is of course possible for a man to have a false or erroneous conscience, but so long as it is genuine and sincere he is bound to follow it. On this point Cardinal Newman thus quotes the Catholic doctrine from a standard text-book of theology (p. 65):

"Conscience is ever to be obeyed whether it tells truly or erroneously, and that whether the error is the fault of the person erring or not." [*Salmanticenses Theol. Moral. t. v. p. 12. Ed. 1728.*]

² To Margaret Roper, *English Works*, p. 1429.

³ Elsewhere, however, Mr. Pollard writes (p. 438), "Henry VIII. embodied an inevitable movement of politics, while Fisher and More stood only for individual conscience."

With this question of conscience Mr. Pollard couples that of persecution. As he writes:¹

It was his conscience that made Henry so dangerous. Men are tolerant of differences about things indifferent, but conscience makes bigots of us all; theological hatreds are proverbially bitter, and religious wars are cruel. Conscience made Sir Thomas More persecute, and glory in the persecution of heretics, and conscience earned Mary her epithet "Bloody." They were moved by conscientious belief in the Catholic faith, Henry by conscientious belief in himself; and conscientious scruples are none the less exigent for being reached by crooked paths.

Here—although there is a good deal that might invite discussion—we are concerned at present only with the question of fact—with the assumption that More unquestionably "persecuted, and gloried in the persecution of heretics," just as we have already heard of the heretics whom he and Fisher condemned to the flames.

On this we observed that such language is unjustifiable, for while we have nothing that can be called evidence to show that either Fisher or More ever condemned a single person to the flames, and strong negative evidence to show that they did not, we have More's emphatic denial—issued when he had fallen from the royal favour, and never contradicted—that he ever did anything of the sort.² Here again Mr. Pollard would justify himself in a note, writing thus:³

It has been denied that More either persecuted or gloried in the persecution of heretics; but he admits himself that he recommended corporal punishment in two cases, and "it is clear that he underestimated his activity" (D.N.B. xxxviii. 436, and instances and authorities there cited).

Here we have two pleas raised by Mr. Pollard in justification of his charge:—firstly, that More himself practically acknowledged its truth; secondly, that the evidence adduced in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is sufficient to sustain it. It needs but little care to show that neither plea is of such a character as should satisfy a conscientious historian.

¹ P. 194.

² From a careful examination of the evidence Dr. Gairdner is led to the conclusion (*Op. cit.* p. 128) that up to May, 1532, when Sir Thomas resigned the Chancellorship, the burnings for heresy amounted in all to six. In every case he considers the stories as told by Foxe to be largely mixed with fable, and the offences charged against the victims with politics; while in no instance was More the judge.

³ P. 194.

To begin with More's own admission. It is clear in the first place that there is a considerable difference between recommending corporal punishment, and sentencing people to be burned alive, and to prove that More twice did the former would not justify language from which it would seem that he frequently did the latter. But what of these two famous instances themselves? Is it a fair presentment of the evidence to speak of them as cases in which men were punished for their religion? We cannot do better than compare with Mr. Pollard's account of the matter that given by Dr. Gairdner.¹

More was undoubtedly a great enemy to heretics, and he said so himself in the epitaph which he wrote for his own burial. He considered them dangerous to society, as indeed they were to the old framework of society in those days; and it is hard to deny that the break-up of that old framework after his death was extremely demoralizing, first to the national life of England, and afterwards to the whole Christian life of Europe. But More gave effect to his enmity in methods strictly legitimate, and nothing that he ever did was tainted with inhumanity. The charges, indeed, have been repeated again and again, though they rest on no better authority, after all, than the malice of some contemporaries, and the credulity of a very one-sided historian.² But if they be accepted they destroy More's character, not for humanity alone, but for honesty and truthfulness as well. For we must not overlook his own very explicit statement in answer to these libels. He admits that in some cases of murder or sacrilege, arising apparently out of heretical conspiracies, he had caused the keepers of the Marshalsea and other prisons to elicit information by methods which could do the prisoners no hurt. He admits also that he had twice caused corporal punishment to be used towards heretics—once to a boy in his own service, whom his father had previously placed in the service of an immoral priest, and who had begun to corrupt another child with the lessons that he had unhappily learned there.³ The second case was that of a lunatic who had actually been some time in Bedlam, and after his release had committed acts of the grossest indecency in church, of which More's neighbours had complained to him. "Whereupon I," says More himself, "being advertised of these pageants, and being sent unto and required by very devout religious folk to take some other order with him, caused him, as he came wandering by my door, to be taken by the constables and bound to a tree in the street before the whole town, and there they striped him with rods till he waxed weary, and

¹ P. 131.

² *I.e.*, Foxe.

³ "And upon that point perceived and known, I caused a servant of mine to stripe him like a child before mine household, for amendment of himself, and ensample of such other." More, *Apology* (English Works, p. 901.)

somewhat longer." The man was quite conscious of what he had done, and the bastinado seems to have effectually deterred him from repeating the offence.¹ More then adds—and this is the statement that must be weighed in connection with the scandals in Foxe—"And of all that ever came in my hand for heresy, as help me God, saving (as I said) the sure keeping of them, had never any of them any stripe or stroke given them, so much as a fillip on the forehead."

What is to be thought of the attempt to claim this solemn protestation as an acknowledgment on More's part that he had been indeed a persecutor?

Nor does the article—by Mr. Sidney Lee—in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, furnish anything more solid in the way of evidence. It airily declares indeed that "he underestimated his activity"—but, as Mr. Gairdner points out, his denial cannot possibly be met thus. Either, he told the truth, or he unblushingly denied notorious facts of which neither he nor others can possibly have been ignorant,—in which case it remains to be explained, why none of those who hated him attempted to meet his challenge, when he had no power of doing harm to any one, and was himself on the road to the scaffold. As authorities, Mr. Lee cites Hall, Foxe, and Froude, none of whom is likely to be considered convincing in such a matter. The instances which he brings to support his contention—over and above those mentioned by More himself, which he cannot be said to represent fairly,²—are those of Tewkesbury and Bainham, with regard to whom we may again listen to what Dr. Gairdner has to say:³

Of Bainham, Foxe tells us that Sir Thomas More caused him to be whipped at a tree in his garden, called the "Tree of Truth" and then sent to the Tower to be racked. . . . An almost identical story was told by the martyrologist in his first edition, as to More's treatment of Tewkesbury, but he had the grace to omit it in later editions. . . . It seems to have been the same legend in both cases; and, suppressed as it was in the case of Tewkesbury, we may be sure that it was equally untrue in that of Bainham. Indeed, we might well suspect its falsehood from Foxe's own statement. . . . The story is in fact, one of those malicious lies which began to be circulated about More even in his own days, and which More himself expressly denounces as such.

¹ "And it appeared well that his remembrance was good enough, save that it went about in grazing till it was beaten home. For he could then very well rehearse his faults himself, and speak and treat very well, and promise to do afterward as well. And verily God be thanked I hear none harm of him now." (*Ibid.*)

² Of the ex-lunatic Mr. Lee says that he was by More's orders "beaten into orthodoxy."

³ P. 130.

Such are a few specimens of the grounds upon which our historian seeks to substantiate assertions, the grave character of which will not be disputed. Reviewing his book when it appeared in its original form, the *Athenæum*¹ thus expressed itself regarding the author's championship of King Henry as a good and constitutional monarch, and its observations are undoubtedly applicable to other points as well.

If theories like these can be made good, it is a pity they were not established first in some other kind of work admitting of copious footnotes and specific references to authorities for every statement. As put forth in this volume they are mere paradoxes, not only without apparent warrant, but sometimes with comments and arguments which seem to carry with them their own refutation.

Now we have footnotes—though not copious—and references—though hardly specific. Such as they are, far from mending matters, they serve chiefly to show in how uncritical a fashion history can still be written, even by those whose public position ought to be a guarantee of solid and critical work.

J. G.

¹ July 6, 1902, p. 115.

School Stories : School Ideals.

IT belongs to the paramount merit of *Tom Brown's School-days*, that we can still read with pleasure the detailed account of a boy-world so unlike our own. Yet, without disloyalty, the wish has often been expressed for a portrait of that world, such as it is to-day, that shall enable us to judge thereby our present and forecast our future—to make out the reefs, and the currents, and the quicksands in that tumultuous chaos (as at first it seems) which we call public-school life.

Some ten years ago, the appearance of *Gerald Eversley's Friendship*, by the late head-master of one of our greatest public schools,¹ led us to hope that our prayer was granted. With but a thin disguise of pseudonym, the hero was led through school-life to Oxford, and from 'Varsity fellowship to his engagement at home. Here, at least, we thought, will speak authority! But, alas: authority, as such, appeals but little to our age; besides, Aristotle never wrote a novel, and the commentator must not be greater than his lord; so we are not surprised that the dismal jovialities of this book, not to speak of the Cimmerian blackness of its gloomier episodes—who would expect the hero of a school-story to betake himself to suicide?—would of themselves have sufficed to drive us even to the highly-coloured scenes of *Stalky and Co.*—that brilliant, not to say flashy work wherein Mr. Kipling, well aware, surely, of the dictum which assigns equal parts of Poet, Pig, and Pirate to the making of a schoolboy, elects to treat of two only of these characteristics. Indeed, it is merely because we are rather disgusted that we escape, after reading it, from the melancholy which clings, like some hot haze from the Ganges, round that other figure of boy-life, *Kim*; set by the same author far away, this time, in gorgeous India. Poor, happy, neglected little *Kim*! The strongest of white lily-plants would

¹ Bishop J. E. C. Welldon, editor of Aristotle's *Rhetoric*.

have been stifled, or coarsened into weed, among such a riot of deadly night-shade.

Quite recently two books have appeared, truthful and vivid for the most part, and with living atmosphere illuminating pages which interest and do not disgust, nor even wholly sadden. *Hugh Rendal*¹ is sent to school at Larne, an establishment which, by the help of sundry hints, and in particular by the military names of its dormitories — Blenheim, Corunna, Malplaquet — we can identify with one of the smaller, more modern public schools in the south, for all its author places it in the midlands. Being not quite in the first rank (so Fashion wills it) among such schools, we are not unprepared to find in it some cruder and rougher characteristics than we might have hoped. Still, we think that the fault lies partly with the writer, who in his zeal to interest and to "be funny"—if we may use for a moment the lingo of his caste—introduces continually a strain of exaggeration into his narrative. Brutalities of bullying, audacious "ragging" of masters, feats with the catapult not unworthy of a Münchhausen; the whole served up in a sauce of slang which would weary any schoolboy with the using it as infallibly as it does ourselves who read.

There is some lack of perception, too, we think, in the depreciatory picture which the author gives of his hero's home-life. The tactless, over-pious mother, and the taciturn, resigned father are made too typical. To restore the balance, we have a house-master's wife of such marvellous wit and charm and shrewdness—Mr. Portman vouches for her possession of these qualities, and we are bound to take his word for it—that she becomes a very positive power in the house-life of the boys, with whom she "talks French" by the hour with distressing regularity. Surely the influence of the "private side" is less directly felt? It is the half-realized presence of a home-life on the further side of those closed baize doors, the invitations to late dinner—impressive the more since they are so rare—that help astonishingly to the creation of that polish of which good boy-metal is susceptible. Baser stuff must be content with varnish.

In fine, we feel that in spite of the author's evidently higher aspirations, this book remains a story for boys; and even at that not equal, for spontaneity and insight, to the quite excellent tales of boy-life from the pen of Mr. Talbot Baines Reid, for

¹ By Lionel Portman. Alston Rivers, London.

which, long ago, we used to scan the breezy pages of the *Boy's Own Paper*.

A boy's story, and no more; *Tom Brown* was very much more; and more too, unless we are mistaken, is *The Hill*.¹ Here is no disguise, and only a necessary minimum of pseudonym. Place and customs, local slang and even local worthies, are as fully reproduced as ever was the Rugby of Thomas Hughes. And thus the author has exposed himself to a criticism the more searching as reminiscent love is apt to be exacting. But, as we are given to understand, he emerges triumphant; and certainly his enthusiasm and intimate knowledge of the place combine to give a life to the narrative which we cannot but recognize and respond to. A very few sentences have the "feel" of print, and could not have been spoken by boys. Lawrence, the Head of the house, is a trifle too magnifical. The startling episodes of the book seem to succeed one another with too much rapidity: it takes but a line to assure us that "the next five months passed by without event"—they may have been all too long to live—while many pages are perforce devoted to an afternoon's match. Still, this was inevitable; and even the more lurid incidents—the drinking and gambling, the stolen nights in London—though of rare occurrence, as the author insists, are certainly not impossible, and were not to be omitted.

With extraordinary insight is told the arrival of John Verney at the Hill: the total lack of interest displayed in new-comers by the older boys; the curious dislike felt by these for being asked questions by the former, and their cold abstention from asking any themselves; the characteristically English "muddling through" and "shaking down:" all that is very true to life. Then the gradual rise through the school, and the waxing and waning of friendships; the worship of distant idols in the Sixth and the Eleven; and the woes of fags: the loneliness of Lord Kinloch; the languid virility of family-proud Egerton; the success of Charlie Desmond, and, throughout, the "struggle for his soul" carried stubbornly on between John Verney, his silent influence towards good, and Scaife, the brilliant "outsider," who, for all the cynical upbringing of a worldly and wealthy father, could never rid himself of the taint of his origin, was ever possessed by *la nostalgie de la boue*. Part of the book's tragedy is in this boy, doomed by the fatality of his social antecedents

¹ By Horace Annesley Vachell. John Murray and Co.

to aspirations that should scorch away the better tendencies which in him were after all not lacking.

Indeed, there is a haunting sense of fatality throughout the book, disengaging itself, we imagine, from the absorption, which it describes, of so many boy-lives into the mighty traditional system of our public schooling. The school claims the boy as hers, and moulds him to her world, so that thereafter he will build up his own world according to the instincts which she gave him, or which he inherited from a father formed by the same inexorable force. And thus at last it becomes true that the school is a reduced model of the world as the boys will find it; neither much better, perhaps, nor much worse—given the different age of its inhabitants—than that which they are afterwards to know; above all, governed by men who have been through the life for which they profess to be training their boys. And it would require a miracle, we may almost believe, to abolish or even to give any serious shock to this huge edifice of tradition—compact of beliefs, and likings, of special criterions and standards, of tolerances, reticences, and of intense disapprobations not the less efficacious that they so often take the form of a polite ignoring of their object. A fact terrible or superb, according to our standpoint; but one never to be disregarded when we judge England, or muse upon her future.

His own school's tradition Mr. Vachell deems to be especially compounded of sentiment and strenuousness, either of which characteristics, grown too prominent, ruins itself and the other. After all, this is only Plato modernized. And the formation of this ideal? It is largely by means too that are Plato's—by games and by music. And we are ready to confess that never yet have we read descriptions quite so admirable of school-matches as in *The Hill*; be they the humbler, grimmer House footer-match, on muddy fields and beneath streaming skies, or the sunlit glories of Lord's, with its thousands of gaily-clad spectators, ringing the green turf dotted with white-flannelled figures, or strolling over it between the innings.

For the gentler side, it is the school-songs which quite exceptionally knead into the senses, throbbing with the swing of their melody, memories that shall start into almost visible and audible actuality when even a bar of one of them shall afterwards reach the hearing. Sung regularly throughout the winter terms, each farewell concert places them again upon the lips of the whole school, and on those of the fifty or sixty old boys who come

down each term for these celebrations. And on Speech-day they come and sing them in their hundreds. Through these songs the most ordinary details of school-life find a certain halo flung about them, which transfigures them, even the most unpleasant, and chiefly to the memory. Also they catch up into the realm of melody and rhythm the great names of the school's history.

Are we the sons of yesterday,
Or heirs of thine and thee ?

asks the song, and then, responding, makes promise

Thy life shall roll, O royal soul,
In countless hearts as brave.

And thus the family tradition of the place as a whole and of individual names belonging to it becomes a fact and an asset which we need not trouble to deny, or labour to account for ; we Catholics, who have assuredly some family trees, rivals, in their way, of any other, since their fruits are of a savour quite unique. Yet who shall say that it was no noble fruit, that of the other tree—the "humble gentleman" of Mr. Vachell's tale, as he stood on the dividing-line between his old school-life and the world awaiting inexorably his next years ? Lawrence felt that all that he was, was owed. "Never again will you have so many to serve you as during the four years past," most truly said the Bishop of London to a crowded gathering of Oxford undergraduates not long ago. Yet the school had been at least the nursery to that big home of the University, where all that is best of this world's goods is offered to the body and soul of its children, and even the nursery-servants had not been few. There is enough, here, to make a "gentleman" very humble. And, if we mistake not, few schools save those of England foster in their sons this all-but Christian quality.

For all this, we feel, as the book draws to its close, that here is a creed mainly for the prosperous. The clever and the strong, the man of family, and, perhaps, of wealth are those for whom this little world seems meant ; it being taken for granted that for these to have their day, scope for their "self-realization," whole crowds of mediocrities must work hard with but little thanks, must be content to make the running, and find their consolation in "being useful" to the community as a whole. After all, their lives are only just susceptible of being regarded

as a tragedy. They will leave the school nearer the top than the tail ; they will go to the University and pass through its first year of regimental similarity and splendour with that complete self-assurance to which admirable physique and simplicity of mental outlook give rise, and which makes us wonder whether these youths will ever make a mistake. Then the mistakes come, social, moral ; and the University has her chance for beginning her great work of sobering, and broadening, and very likely cleansing the ideals of her sons. Then, regretfully, and feeling much as when they first left school, they go forth to fill the innumerable smaller posts which the Civil Services or the gentler professions hold out to them ; and a very few years of hard work will shell them of that veneer of epigrammatic scepticism which their last year at school and familiarity with certain circles at the 'Varsity may have superinduced upon them. And at the end, they will remain convinced—*vitâ magistrâ*, like Plato's Cephalus—that after all it was best to serve the gods, and that behind the scenery of life there was assuredly a power which had preceded and should outlast their own day, and which "surely shall repay." On the whole, they have floated ; on the whole, head and shoulders, at least, have remained above water ; for all the momentary submersions, more or less frequent, and, save by some miracle, inevitable, they have reached a firm though rather barren shore. Such had been their father's hope when he first flung them into the shallows of that sea. "If my boy has grit," he reasons, "he will get through somehow. If he is to sink, he will certainly sink, whatever others may hope and do for him ; only that were surely impossible for any son of mine." The isolated fall counts for nothing, in this ideal. It is the career as a whole which succeeds or fails in the eyes of these men, who will "thank Heaven," often, that their boy "is not an angel."

Yet even so, the book finishes upon a note of sorrow—of the sorrow as "of them that have no hope." True, John Verney unwillingly confesses, somewhere, that religion meant "an awful lot" to him—and we certainly believe that the amount of religion, though not of theology, which our schools and Universities and public life contain is often and usually underrated—yet it came nowhere to his aid when his school-days ended in great grief. After a close friendship with Charlie Desmond, the closer for its rarely having been unclouded, the boys had separated on a misunderstanding ; and Desmond had gone to South Africa, and he had been killed. No

answer to Verney's letters had been received ; no hint had been given of reconciliation ; and "now," said Verney, in passionate regret at first, sullenly, afterwards, "I shall never know." It is with rare insight, again, that Mr. Vachell has traced the effects of a too-great load of trouble on a boyish mind. Success came to Verney, but the strain was over-great, and his character suffered. In the holidays, he dropped going to Holy Communion ; even his mother's influence failed for a time to reawaken the better instincts of other days. Something of the same kind is surely traceable in Hamlet, in whose over-refined character the continuous strain of a heavy secret and sorrow broke down the barriers that had kept back a coarse and brutal side in him, which shocks us when revealed. But at last the letter, delayed by some chance of the battlefield, arrived. It contained the assurance that no tie of friendship had been really broken ; that the old love still subsisted between the boys ; and the convinced recognition that Verney's principles had after all been the higher. And so he had one less sorrow to look back upon. No doubt, too, he had an example, as the headmaster had preached in chapel, for the life in front of him. But it was a life in which a certain blank of loneliness would keep pace with him throughout, however full his days might become ; if at times he hoped—there is no sign of it,—it could have brought him no more than the faint hints and suggestions of the "Good night" song that he had often sung, the song of the Hampstead lights, seen at night from the top of the hill, twinkling far off towards the gloomy glare of London.

Good night ! Sleep, and so may ever
Lights half seen across a murky lea,
Child of hope, and courage, and endeavour,
Gleam a voiceless benison on thee !
Youth be bearer
Soon of hardihood ;
Life be fairer,
Loyaller to good ;
Till the far lamps vanish into light,
Rest in the dream-time. Good night.

A strange life, if for all its seeming activity, it should prove after all to have been a time of dreams ; and a terrible one if the light into which lamps and hope-stars fade, should end by being, not the dawn, but the gas-lit streets of London.

Unless this sense of fatality, of which we have spoken, and of the unreality of a struggle with men who build their world out of what Christians have been taught to regard as all but dreams, be so strong upon us as to make all criticism seem futile, our judgment upon the great non-Catholic school system will have been sufficiently indicated in our comments upon these books.

With regard to its minor boasts, we would suggest that the polish it is anxious to bestow need not be sacrificed because we rely so largely on the refining power of religious experience ; indeed, a refined temperament is surely one more quickly susceptible of a higher polish than any other ; a fact that may reconcile us to the sacrifice—inevitable, often, in Catholic schools,—of one of the three means of attaining to social courtesy and *savoir-faire*, I mean the society of one's equals, the society of cultivated men, and that of ladies.

Nor are we in the least anxious to estimate the amount of objective immorality in non-Catholic as compared with Catholic schools : the question, thus circumscribed, deals only with a few facts which dazzle us, and preclude our outlook on a wider issue.

What we have desired to insist on, is that mighty tradition in face of which we are sometimes tempted to fold our hands in resigned helplessness. "Of course," said Egerton, "one doesn't pretend to be a Christian, but as a gentleman. . . ." No doubt Egerton was far more of a Christian than he "pretended," and that should be a consolation to us. At a public school, religious feeling not uncommonly varies inversely with its expression, except in the singing of hymns on Sunday. But whether this complete reticence of the most sacred part of a boy's life be really healthy, is another question. Certainly in many cases, self-expression is necessary to life ; and to a boy, brought up as a Catholic, the sudden repression of any manifestation of his religious life might well prove fatal. And this mode of bringing-up may be responsible for those English homes of which Mr. Portman thinks Hugh Rendal's typical ; where the mother is wholly incapable of making her presentment of devotion acceptable to her son ; while religion is the very last subject which a father would ever dream of mentioning to him. Both father and son would be far too shy for that. With such a home and school, the half-formed religious habit and sentiment would be, save by a miracle, extinguished ; and

after their death, who shall hope to save faith itself for long?

We would notice in passing that this insistence on the need of Catholic atmosphere implies absolutely nothing as to the share which supervision by superiors or by boys should have in its formation. That is a wholly different question on which here we do not offer even the least suggestion.

Upon three ingredients, however, in the making of this atmosphere we would briefly touch.

The first is of course that connected dogmatic and historical treatment of their religion which is so completely denied to non-Catholic boys. Bishop Welldon once wrote to the effect that what they need is not dogma, but emotion, in the sermons they hear preached. On the other hand, M. Fonsegrive, in a delightful sketch of a Jesuit college fifty years hence, insists on the careful training in religious essay-writing which the youth of that day will receive, paragraphs or chapters of plausible and non-Christian authors being subjected to the criticism of the older boys, and commented on by them. Needless to say, that what is valuable in these suggestions has already been brought into being, and much is even now being done.

Mr. Portman, in *Hugh Rendal*, takes the really interesting view of Confirmation that it is mainly useful as *the* opportunity for a Head-master, or a house-master, to see his boys individually on religious subjects. Spiritually, few profit by the rite. Indirectly, therefore, as a rather circuitous route to personal interviews, it is valuable. And it is here that Mr. Gurney, Rendal's house-master, instils into him the view that "the right thing must be done because it is the right thing"—an attitude adopted, we think, by a very large number of men whose professions of faith are few and slender, and yet who do "the right thing," when they do it, from this motive; one vague enough, if you will, and untheological at first sight, yet in practice rather noble, we imagine, and wholly intelligible if not wholly intelligent, and suspiciously like a blood-relation to the Catholic doctrine of perfect love. Now we need do no more than refer to the fully-appreciated opportunities for regular confession afforded by a Catholic school, opportunities which allow of the opening of a boy's heart to a responsible person—and we all know the tendency to unbosom ourselves of our uglier side precisely to those who have least claim upon such knowledge—and preclude all wearing of the heart upon the sleeve.

In fact, without this extraordinarily valuable institution—the practical working of which in Catholic schools would by itself suffice to convince us of the divinity of its origin, and without the convinced cult of Mary, that unique source of cleanliness of thought and chivalry, it has oftentimes seemed to us a marvel that any single boy could keep himself—we do not say immaculate, but spiritual-minded, in those schools to which, for all that, it is often heroism in Catholic fathers and mothers not to send their sons.

JOHN SMITH.

An Experiment in Corporate Reunion.

II.

IN a previous article the history of the Reunion movement among the Ruthenians, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was carried up to the point of the solemn ceremony of reconciliation in the Hall of Constantine on December 23, 1595. The Ruthenians were represented there by Bishops Pociej and Terlecki alone, but their act of submission to the Holy See, and their profession of faith in the entire Catholic creed, was of a corporate character—inasmuch as they were acting under commission from the assembled hierarchy of the Ruthenian Church, who in the Synod at Brest of June 10th had authorized them to speak in their name, and had each and all subscribed the letter to Clement VIII. which the two deputies were carrying with them; inasmuch, too, as the Bishops, in taking this course, were supported by a considerable section of their clergy and people. It was thus an act of Corporate Reunion which had been accomplished, so far forth as such an act was possible—for to restrict the name of Corporate Reunion to such acts on the part of official rulers and mouthpieces as could count on the unanimous or nearly unanimous approval of all the members of a corporate body, would be to give it a sense in which it never has been realized, and, in view of the conditions of human nature, is never likely to be realized.

We have now to study the after-consequences of this momentous act. Pociej and Terlecki started on their return journey in February, 1596, and reached their native country in the following March. They brought with them from Clement VIII. letters of congratulation, of fatherly exhortation and advice, addressed to King Sigismund, to the Metropolitan Rahosa and his suffragans, not excluding Gideon Balaban (who, though he had since yielded to the instances of Prince Ostrogski, had affixed his signature to the Synodal Letter of June 10, 1595); to the Bishops of the Latin hierarchies of Poland and

Ruthenia ; to the Chancellors, both of Poland and of Lithuania, and to several of the leading nobility. In these letters the Pope took pains to reassure all who might otherwise be anxious, of his willingness and even spontaneous readiness to sanction the preservation of the full Ruthenian rites, and of all their formularies, unless in any point they should be found to differ from the unalterable Catholic faith : he also exhorted the King and all whom it might concern to admit the Ruthenian Bishops to an entire equality of political rights and privileges with the Bishops of the Latin rite ; and finally ordered the speedy convocation of another Synod in which the act of Pocij and Terlecki might be formally ratified.

Thus fortified, these two prelates were sure of a warm welcome from the King and other friends of the Union, but were sure, also, of encountering the bitter hostility of the powerful Prince Ostrogski, and the spirits he had gathered round him. At once on their arrival in Ruthenia this Prince began to organize his campaign of resistance. The Reichstag was due to meet at Warsaw in May, and the Landtags of the different provinces must meet previously and elect their representatives for that great central parliament. In Ruthenia these Landtags were practically in the hands of Ostrogski, besides which they were largely composed of persons with Protestant leanings. It was not difficult, therefore, to provide a compact body of deputies to demand from the Reichstag the undoing of the acts of Pocij and Terlecki, and their deposition from office and punishment. And this was done. The demand proved, indeed, unsuccessful, in spite of the hot words of Ostrogski and his veiled threats, but he was too powerful a subject for King Sigismund to suppress, and he returned home only the more determined to accomplish his purpose. Soon his printing presses began to spread over the country a flood of pamphlets in which the purport of the Union was seriously misrepresented, and the Uniat Bishops were accused of having betrayed their flocks. In composing and circulating this polemical literature Ostrogski was powerfully aided by the Confraternity of Lemberg, the members of which had a special interest in resisting the Union, inasmuch as its introduction involved the re-establishment of ecclesiastical jurisdiction on canonical lines, and the abolition of their preposterous intrusions into the spiritual sphere. It was in connection, too, with this press campaign, that the notorious Stephen Zizania first came into prominence. Much more of a

Calvinist than an orthodox schismatic, he had quite recently been condemned for heresy by the Synod of Novgorod but, this notwithstanding, he was appointed to be the head of the pamphleteers, and he sent out publications in which the distinctive errors of Luther were paraded as traditional doctrines of the Ruthenian Church, which the Romanizers were trying to suppress. To correct all these misrepresentations King Sigismund on June 14th published a "message to the Ruthenian clergy and laity," in which he assured them that Pocij and Terlecki had merely carried out a commission entrusted to them by the entire Ruthenian hierarchy, and that the union with the Holy See, which had been thus officially accomplished by their spiritual rulers, was but a re-establishment of the intercommunion with the Western Church which had prevailed for a length of time in former centuries. The King also announced the coming meeting on October 8th of another Synod at Brest, in which the Ruthenian Bishops proposed to ratify the Acts done by their representatives at Rome.

This Synod should have met earlier in the year, but the Metropolitan Rahosa had continued to speak with uncertain voice, and was anxious to delay an occasion when he would be forced to declare himself definitively for one side or the other. By the date mentioned, however, he had decided to cast in his lot with the Union. He was joined at Brest by all the other members of the Ruthenian hierarchy save the two deserters, Balaban of Lemberg, and Kopystenski of Przemyśl; that is, by Pocij, Bishop of Wladimir; Terlecki, Bishop of Luzk; Hermogenes, Archbishop of Polozk; Hohol, now Bishop of Pinsk; and Zbirujski, Bishop of Chelm; also by Solikowski, Archbishop of Lemberg; Maciejowski, Bishop of Luzk, and Gomolinski, Bishop of Chelm, prelates of the Latin rite. These formed the Council proper, but there were added to them as Consultors, Peter Skarga and Justin Rab, two leading Jesuits, as likewise one or two others, together with three Ruthenian Archimandrites. It will be noticed that there were no laity at this Synod — that is, as members or consultors — the reason being that King Sigismund had expressly forbidden the laity to interfere in what was regarded as a purely spiritual question. But Ostrogski and his partizans had prepared an anti-Synod, which met in the same city at the same time, and in this the lay element was predominant. Twenty-three deputies from the Provincial Diets, fourteen from the Confraternities of Wilna, Lemberg, and several

other places, attended it. Of the clergy, it could boast of a number of beneficed priests and one or two Archimandrites, but of Bishops, only Balaban and Kopystenski; unless, indeed, we are to include the Metropolitan of Serbia, who of course had no *locus standi* to justify his presence. Two other foreigners were also present, Cyril Lukaris and Nicephorus; of these, Cyril Lukaris, who is well-known for his negotiations with the Anglican Archbishop Abbot in the reign of James I., was a Greek ecclesiastic with Calvinistic tendencies, who a short time previously had taught in the Academy of Ostrog, and now came over to Poland as the delegate of Meletius Pigas, the Patriarch of Alexandria. Nicephorus professed to be the delegate of the Patriarch of Constantinople, but it is by no means clear that he had a claim to be thus regarded. The schismatic see of Constantinople was at that time vacant, as it had been for two years back, and any such commission granted by the last Patriarch must have lapsed with the Patriarch's death. Nor does Nicephorus seem to have had any such commission to show. All that was certainly known of him, was that more than a year previously he had taken himself off from Constantinople, where he was accused of embezzlement, and that he had since been residing in Moldavia, and engaging in political intrigues against the Polish monarchy. Such a personage must have seemed not very suitable as president of a national Synod; nevertheless, it was he whom Ostrogski chose to preside over his anti-Synod. When, then, it is added, that to these "orthodox" members were joined twenty Protestants, and that the place of meeting was a Protestant church, it may be judged how far this rival gathering bore the semblance of a regular Synod.

The anti-Synod began its proceedings by citing the Uniat Bishops to appear before it and submit to its judgment; and this citation, which the Uniats naturally ignored, was twice repeated, as the essential preliminary to a sentence of excommunication and deposition. But meanwhile the Royal Commissioners, Radziwill, Sapieha, and Halecki, had arrived in the town, and at once sought out Ostrogski to call him to account for what he had been doing. They treated him still, as always, in a conciliatory manner, but made it a special reproach against him that, whereas he had sent in a supplication to the King some weeks previously, earnestly exhorting him to command that none should come to the Synod attended by an

armed escort, he had now come himself with a formidable escort of armed men. Ostrogski could only offer in excuse the lame pretence that he had done it merely to secure that the peace should be kept, but the excuse was accepted, and it was also arranged that there should be a conference between the two parties.

This conference took place on October 8th at Ostrogski's house, and was opened by the Royal Commissioners, who assured all present that, though the King had not ventured to suggest, much less to prescribe, to the Ruthenian prelates a reunion with the Holy See, he had been filled with joy when he learnt that this very scheme had been resolved upon by the Bishops of their own accord, and almost unanimously—that is, Balaban and Kopystenski included. They also reminded Ostrogski that he had himself been anxious for just such a reunion only a decade previously, and that on the recent return of Pocięj and Terlecki from Rome he had demanded of the King the convocation of just such a Synod as had now met in the Church of St. Nicholas. The prince had indeed asked that it should be permitted a perfect security and freedom of deliberation, and that hence none should be allowed to approach it accompanied by armed men; as likewise that Nicephorus the Greek and certain Protestants should be allowed to attend it, and that an appeal from its decrees should be allowed, if desired, to the Reichstag. The third and fourth of these conditions it had been impossible to grant, as the Reichstag was not competent to decide on an essentially spiritual question, and the persons indicated could have no lawful title to be admitted, whilst Nicephorus was even a man suspect of having come to play the Turkish spy on their Polish fatherland. But the King willingly granted the other two conditions, and they repeated the expression of their surprise that it should be Ostrogski himself who had brought an armed band into the town. The Commissioners also in the King's name expressed surprise that a body of his orthodox subjects should not only hold off from the canonical Synod, but should go the lengths of holding an anti-Synod; and still more that they should show themselves so anxious to perpetuate the rent in the body of Christ, and should prefer to consort with heretics, and meet in an heretical place of worship, rather than take part with their own brethren in the faith, in an endeavour to heal a schism which had been the cause of so much scandal and spiritual degradation to their people.

To this Royal admonition the members of the anti-Synod sent their reply the same evening. It corresponded with the position which Ostrogski had taken up from the beginning, that is from the beginning of his opposition to the enterprise of Pocij, Terlecki, and the other Bishops. It did not venture to oppose the idea of Reunion in its substance. On the contrary, it claimed that its signatories were as anxious for such a consummation as the Bishops or the King. Only it contended that a Reunion based on unsound principles could not be lasting, and that sound principles required that the entire Eastern Church should act together; accordingly that the Patriarch's consent and co-operation was indispensable, all the more, as there were several difficulties about faith needing to be overcome. Also, it represented that the persons who had been instrumental in carrying through this present attempt at Reunion were such as did not command their confidence and respect. Such were the terms of their reply to the King's Commissioners and simultaneously with its sending, the anti-Synod addressed their third summons to the Metropolitan and Bishops to appear before them, and even, on receiving from the latter the inevitable refusal, had the arrogance, laymen and simple priests as they nearly all were, to pass a formal sentence of excommunication and deposition from office on the victims of their displeasure.

It was now clear that further efforts to conciliate the opposers of the Union, or to engage them in any rational discussion of the propriety of the measure, could lead to no useful results. The only question that remained for the partisans of Reunion to consider was as to whether they should go on with their enterprise, and brave the hostility of the Ostrogski party, or whether they should renounce it as now impracticable. The choice must have seemed difficult, for in the teeth of so powerful and determined an opposition how could they hope to carry their people with them, and yet on the other hand they had a considerable section of their flocks behind them, and besides, this was a question of conscience, of holding on to the unity of the Church or falling back into schism. Accordingly, they determined to persevere in their purpose, and the very next day after the reception of the anti-Synod's protest they proceeded to the solemn act of ratification for which they had met together in Synod. On October 9th the Bishops, accompanied by the Papal and Royal delegates, went in procession to the Church of St. Nicholas,

whither they were followed by a large gathering of people. The Metropolitan Rahosa sang Mass according to the Ruthenian rite, and when it was over Hermogenes, Archbishop of Polozk, ascended the pulpit, and in the name of the assembled Bishops read aloud a declaration on which they had previously agreed, one which gave a complete account of the various steps they had taken, up to the final ratification of the Union by a decree of their present Synod, and justified them by an elaborate exposition of their motives. When the Archbishop had concluded, a touching ceremony followed. In testimony of their reconciliation with one another, and in expression of their mutual joy, the Bishops present, of both Greek and Latin rite, embraced one another, and then passed on in procession to the principal Latin church of the town, there to join in singing the *Te Deum*. When this was done a melancholy duty still remained to be discharged, that of excommunicating Gideon Balaban and Michael Kopystenski, as well as Nicephorus and all who had taken part in the anti-Synod. The Bishops then separated, having deputed Pocij and Terlecki to deliver their report of the proceedings to the King, and to beg his protection.

Naturally the opposition party put forth a protest against this decree of ratification, and it bore date the self-same day, October 9th. As coming from an assembly which professed to have a synodal character it ran strangely in the name of "We, Senators, dignitaries, office-holders, knights, and clergy of the Greek Confession, sons of the Oriental Church, here at Brest in Synod assembled." They complain that the obnoxious proceedings have been carried through by men whom they had themselves excommunicated and deposed only the day before, and they protest that they will never accept as valid or binding this pretended Union, but on the contrary will oppose it and withstand it by God's help with all their strength, and at the cost of every personal sacrifice.

Other documents of similar intent were sent out by either side. The anti-Synod sent an address to the King, complaining of the action of his Commissioners and beseeching him to set aside the Union by his royal authority, and dispossess its authors of their sees and endowments. And the King wrote back refusing to do anything so unjust and fully endorsing what had been done by the Commissioners. The King also wrote to the Metropolitan and Bishops, offering them his congratulations, and promising them the royal protection and support.

One thing, however, was wanting in this royal letter, the concession to the Ruthenian Bishops of an equality of civil rights, and particularly of the senatorial dignity, enjoyed by the Latin Bishops. This, it will be remembered, the Uniat Bishops had urged as important, and so had Clement VIII. in his letter to King Sigismund. And so it was, for deprived of this right, as the sequel showed, the Uniat Bishops, when the calumnies and complaints against their conduct were brought before the Reichstag, were without a voice in that assembly with which to explain and defend themselves. But the fact was that Sigismund's power in such a matter, though nominally absolute, was practically very limited, and was insufficient to withstand the opposition alike of the Protestant senators who were animated by anti-Roman animosities, and the Latin Catholic senators, who looked down on the Ruthenians as of a lower social class. Another document to which the opposition of the anti-Synod gave birth was the Encyclical Letter addressed by Nicephorus the Greek to the Ruthenian clergy, whom he claimed to command in the name of the (still non-existent) Patriarch of Constantinople, and whom he called upon to separate from the Uniat Bishops, and choose for themselves other Bishops and Metropolitan. King Sigismund had tolerated all the proceedings of the counter-Synod so far, without attempting to place any restrictions on their liberty of action, but a letter like this, inciting his subjects to revolutionary action, and coming from one who not only had no colourable claim to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction in Ruthenia, but was held on strong presumptions to be a Turkish spy, was more than his Majesty could stand. He ordered the arrest of the pretender, and his trial by the District Court for the two offences of usurped authority and of spying. Even then he showed his forbearance, and at the instance of Ostrogski and on his recognizances allowed the man to go free till the meeting of the Reichstag in the following year. Then, however, his trial came off, and he was condemned to a term of imprisonment at Marienburg, from which Ostrogski was unable to deliver him, and under stress of which he died shortly after.

Thus the party of the Union had passed victoriously through the struggle of the moment, for it had effected that official ratification of its proceedings by the governing body of the Ruthenian Church which Ostrogski and his followers had

striven by might and main to prevent. Still the prospects of the Union must have seemed dark to its upholders, as they measured the forces arrayed against it in the fierce light of the opposition it had just experienced, and they would have seemed darker still could they have foreseen all the fiery experiences through which it would have to pass during the course of the incoming century. It is the history and character of the long conflict, which must next engage our attention, if we are to estimate by this present instance the peculiar difficulties and dangers incident to any movement for Corporate Reunion.

We have seen how Pociej and Terlecki, when on the eve of their departure for Rome they were asked by the King and his ministers what amount of support they could count on receiving from their flocks, had replied that an important section of the nobles, the majority of the secular clergy, and the mass of their people would stand by them. They would not have said this unless they had believed it, and—although it is always a most difficult thing to ascertain correctly the underlying sentiments of large populations—they could hardly have believed it unless they had some groundwork of facts beneath their inference. And we can see to some extent what this groundwork was. That the townsmen of the middle class would be predominantly against them they must have known, because these were included in or dominated by the Confraternities whose exaggerated ecclesiastical pretensions were at stake, and who were, besides, considerably infected by the anti-Popery leaven infused into them by the Calvinistic teachers in their Academies. That the peasantry would follow them they might reasonably suppose, because these were simple people who, as long as they saw no change, as they would see none, in their religious doctrines and ceremonies, and the administration of their sacraments, were not likely to be irritated by the mere fact of an intercommunion now established with the Holy See, and would readily follow their pastors in the amelioration of life and zeal which the Union would introduce; all the more as they were angry and disgusted by the wide-spread scandals and corruptions which had been prevalent among their clergy during the schism. That the clergy themselves would follow their Bishops, or at all events the better-disposed among them, they may have gathered from the close resemblance between the clergy and the people, for the former were little less uneducated than the latter, and coming from the same class were prone to share the same ideas. Still in any case there is, as

regards the clergy, testimony¹ to the fact that until the Council of Brest, and until the strategy of the opposition began to tell upon them, their sympathies were with the Union, not with the schism. It was the nobles, however, on whom most would depend, as the people, and even the clergy, were almost entirely in their hands; and apart from Wolhynia and the Ukraine, where Ostrogski's influence was the strongest, the Ruthenian nobility was in favour of the Union. They above all, though by their misuse of their patronage they were so seriously responsible for it, were weary and ashamed of the degraded condition of their native Church. Whole families from among them had been passing almost daily from the Greek to the Latin rite, and even those who held firmly to their native rite had fallen under the influence of the Polish Catholic nobles who were their neighbours, and so had lost much of their inherited antipathy to Latinism. Even in Wolhynia there was an important section of the nobles whom Ostrogski could not draw to his side, as may be gathered from the fact that in 1598 thirty-four schismatic nobles—among whom were Stanislaus Radziwill, George Czartoryski, Michael Myszka, Abraham Myszka, and John Hulewicz—declared themselves openly for the Union, and petitioned King Sigismund not to let this Union, which they thanked him for introducing, fall through out of regard for the discontent of some few. And in 1603 fifteen more Wolhynian noble families came over to the Union—among them Tyszkiewicz, the Woiwode of Novgorod, and the man who came next to Ostrogski in wealth and power.² We have it, too, says Bishop Likowski,

Even by the testimony of Russian writers, that if the aged Prince Ostrogski³ had remained true to his original desire, and had joined with the Bishops in accepting the Union, its cause would have met with no serious difficulty, either from the nobility, the clergy, or the people, and the sporadic utterances of discontent which might, perhaps, have come from the Staupigic Confraternities, would soon have been silenced.⁴

That, however, was not to be. When the Synod was over this prince and his followers began at once to readjust their plans to the altered situation. Their object was still to obtain

¹ See *Union zu Brest*. Von Bischof Eduard Likowski, p. 180.

² Likowski, p. 245.

³ He was nearly ninety years old at the time of the Synod.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 194.

the deposition and punishment of the Uniat Bishops, for they justly perceived that, if this end could be attained, the life-spring of the movement would be dried up. And to achieve this end they relied in the first place on their campaign of misrepresentation into which they proceeded to infuse a fresh vigour and bitterness. Once more the printing-presses of Ostrog and of the Confraternities were made busy, and works like that of the Socinian Bronski, the author of the *Apocrisis*, were quickly spread over the country. On two points this literature incessantly insisted, that the Union was a plot to abolish the ancient Ruthenian rites and even to change its doctrines, substituting for them those of the Roman Church; and that the intention of the Unionists was to persecute all those who would not fall in with their views. It was of course untrue, and indeed as regards doctrine it was the Ostrogski party who were really guilty of innovating, inasmuch as in their gross ignorance of the history of their own Church, they kept attributing to it heresies which they had learnt from their Calvinist teachers. Nor could this party have been unconscious that in making these charges, they were guilty of misrepresentation, in the face of so many disavowals and protests on the part of the Pope, the King, and the Unionists themselves. It was simply that they meant to misrepresent, feeling that by this means they would be best able to arouse an antipathy for the Union in the minds of the people; and realizing that a party which is rich enough and strong enough, can usually gain acceptance for its misrepresentations in the minds of an uninstructed population, if only it will state them skilfully, spread them widely, and persist in them for a sufficient length of time. And so it soon proved to be in their case.

The secular clergy [says Bishop Likowski, on the authority of Harasiewicz's *Relatio de Laboribus Unitorum*], which until the Synod of Brest had been generally on the side of the Union, was led under the influence of the agitators, to adopt a hostile attitude to the Uniat Bishop, the regular clergy followed suit with few exceptions, as did likewise the majority of the people and of the Ruthenian nobility, as is attested by the report on the state of the Union sent to the Roman Propaganda by Bishop Susza.¹

The further effect of this flood of calumny on the clergy and people was to prompt deeds of violence on several occasions, as when Rahosa, on visiting his diocese, was greeted with a hail of

¹ *Ibid.* p. 180.

stones, and to wrest from the control of the Bishops the majority of the churches and monasteries; but on the Reichstag and the Courts of Justice its effect could be only indirect. Directly to influence these tribunals and induce them to depose the Bishops, Ostrogski, in 1599, arranged a confederation between the Schismatics and the Protestants. It was a log-rolling agreement into which these two parties entered, each engaging to help the other to promote its own advancement and the downfall of the Uniats. By this means Ostrogski was enabled to command a majority in the Provincial Diets, and so to send an imposing body of representatives to the annual Reichstags at Warsaw; and by this means also he was enabled to command a majority of the judges in the Court of Appeal of Lithuania, to which Court all suits affecting the Unionists could be carried up from the inferior courts when thought expedient, and any displeasing judgments of the latter over-ridden. Thus equipped he addressed his fresh demand for the deposition of the Bishops to the Reichstag of 1600. But this contingent from Ruthenia were unable to outvote the contingent from Poland proper, and the latter was influenced by a speech of Pociiej, now the Metropolitan of Kiew, who being himself a senator by right of his former secular position, was able to use this occasion for a formal refutation of the insinuation that they wished to change any of their former rites or doctrines, and for a demonstration of the justice of the Uniat position.

Did not your Majesty [he said, in his speech on this occasion], bestow on me the See of Wladimir, and did not the Woiwode of Kiew (Ostrogski) beg me with tears to accept it? And since the death of the Metropolitan Rahosa, have you not called me to the Metropolitan See? What precedent is there in our kingdom for deposing from his office any one who has been duly appointed when there has been no legal offence. . . . (And what legal offence had there been)? From the Patriarchs of Constantinople they had never received either doctrine or good discipline. When these had come into their midst it was like wolves, to bring neither peace nor unity, but only contentions. To the mere laymen, who formed the Confraternities, they had given, contrary to all the laws of the Church, an exemption from Episcopal jurisdiction and even Episcopal power; and the result had been that even the simple peasantry had been taught to despise both their masters and their Bishops; and divisions, quarrels, and scenes of blood had been the inevitable outcome. Nor had the Uniats introduced any innovation. They had only returned to their legitimate past. One hundred and fifty years previously his own ancestor had at the Council of Florence

recognized the Bishop of Rome as the Chief Shepherd of the Universal Church, and had rendered him obedience. Moreover, the Polish Kings had conceded to the Ruthenian Church its laws and its liberties long before the infidel Sultan had got the Patriarchs into his power and put on the Greek imperial crown. And now, when this infidel held the sceptre of temporal rule and appointed incumbents to the Patriarchal See according to his mere pleasure, was it not their duty to break loose from such Patriarchs, who being nothing but slaves were incapable of aiding them to salvation?

As addressed to a civil assembly, which must judge the matter from a civil standpoint, and as coming from a man like Pociej, who in renouncing a civil for an ecclesiastical career had made a considerable sacrifice of his temporal interests, a speech like this could not fail to have weight, and Ostrogski had to go away with his demands unsatisfied; nor were they more successful in the Reichstag of 1603, when he brought them forward once more. On the other hand, in the courts of justice he did achieve a certain success, for in 1605 the Appeal Court of Lithuania ventured to pass *in contumaciam* a sentence of condemnation and of deposition on Pociej and his suffragans. It was unable indeed to carry its sentence into effect, as the King refused to confirm a sentence which it was beyond the competence of a temporal court to pass; but the Ostrogski party were able to make capital of it, as evidence of what so important a court thought of the justice of their campaign. And in 1607 they gained another advantage. In 1606, a seditious rising directed against the sovereignty of Sigismund III. broke out in the province of Cracow, under the leadership of its palatine, Zebrzydowski. It did not originate from any religious motive, but from a private grievance of this personage. But the Protestants of Poland were glad enough to utilize the opportunity which seemed to offer of dethroning a Catholic King, and Ostrogski was not ashamed to march to their aid, with a large body of Wolhynian troops. Thus the religious question became involved in the quarrel, and the rebels made it an essential element in their programme that the Union should be undone, the Bishops dispossessed, and the appointments to all Ruthenian benefices be henceforth conceded to noblemen of the Greek faith in union with the Patriarch. The rebellion was suppressed. The Ruthenians, when it came to the point, were reluctant to engage in open warfare with their Sovereign, and the upstart being left with only his Protestant followers to

support him, sustained a signal defeat in 1606. Still King Sigismund was too much pressed by dangers, external and domestic, to profit fully by his victory. He was still at war with the Swedes about Livonia; and, moreover, had his attention occupied with the state of affairs in Russia, where the movement which had raised the Pseudo-Dmitri to the imperial throne, was reaching its most critical moment. Nor was he just then on the best of terms with his own Senate at Warsaw, and was the more anxious in consequence to conciliate the Ostrogski party in Ruthenia. Hence he agreed in the Reichstag of 1607 to bestow none of the Ruthenian greater benefices save on persons belonging to the Ruthenian nobility and "*meræ religionis Græcæ*," and to maintain the Confraternities in their rights and privileges. Also in the Reichstag of 1609, he agreed to an addition to this enactment, by which the non-vacant benefices were to remain with those who at the time were in possession of them, and the two sides must respect each other's rights in this regard, but in case of dispute must go by the decision of the court *compositi judicii*—that is, which was composed of an equal number of clergy and laity, four of each. Neither of these two decrees was in itself injurious to the Uniats, but the terms used were ambiguous, and it was open, in the defect of any authentic declaration, for the schismatics to interpret the term "*meræ religionis Græcæ*" as denoting only members of their own party. Moreover, the clause about the Confraternities could be utilized, as it was, as sanctioning their activity, which was now mainly directed against the Union, and in the clause about possession of benefices, it was left undefined whether actual or lawful possession was meant. Thus the dissidents were able to profit by the very acts of violence by which they had forcibly driven out their rivals, and they did not hesitate to disregard the clause assigning a particular court for the settlement of disputes, and brought their cases before the Appeal Court of Lithuania, in which they were certain of compliant judges.

Accordingly a good deal of loss to the Union followed from the promulgation of these equivocal decrees, particularly at Wilna, the capital of Lithuania, and residence of the Metropolitan. In Southern Ruthenia, the centre of Ostrogski's influence, the Union had already lost, indeed, had never obtained much possession of the churches; but in spite of the virulent hostility of the Confraternity at Wilna, the Union had acquired a hold on

the clergy of that city. Now, however, the immediate effect of the decrees of 1607 and 1609 was that the clergy of this city, who had been misled by the calumnious publications, took heart to dissociate themselves altogether from the Metropolitan. Only the church and monastery of the Holy Trinity remained to him, and a plot was formed which all but succeeded in wresting even that from his hands, two men of his own rearing, one the Archimandrite who had been set over the community there, being leaders in the treacherous design. The King, indeed, presently arrived on the spot and caused the captured churches to be restored, but the spirit which led to their capture was still persistent, and Pocij, who hastened to the city after the closure of the Reichstag of 1609, found that the disaffection had spread to the neighbouring towns of Minsk, Grodno, and Novogrodek, and in fact to the whole of Lithuania. Even his life was threatened, indeed he barely escaped death by the sword of an assassin in the streets of Wilna on August 10, 1609.

We have had to speak of Pocij only from among the Bishops as engaged in the defence of the Union against all this powerful opposition. It is because he was in fact alone in resisting its assaults. For whatever reason Terlecki, capable as he was, seems to have retired into obscurity as soon as the Council of Brest was terminated. And the other suffragan Bishops who subscribed the act of Union were always non-entities, whilst of Rahosa, who survived till 1599, nothing heroic was ever to be expected. Thus it was Pocij, and he only, who was the real founder of the Union. He must have felt very lonely on seeing himself thus unsupported, but his spirit was dauntless and single-minded, and his capability was great. He could not hope under the adverse conditions in which he lived, to achieve any extended success in organizing the Uniat ministry, and gathering the people around it. But he did an invaluable work in vindicating its legal and spiritual title before the Reichstag and Courts of Justice, and in the minds of the Polish Sovereign and Government; and in the Monastery of the Holy Trinity at Wilna he inaugurated a monastic reform, which though he was not spared to see it through more than its first infancy, turned the house into a nursery whence a regenerated clergy would eventually spread through the country. He survived till 1613, and thus had the consolation of living into the commencement of a period of respite for his afflicted Church, which, though it lasted but eleven years, was very precious, as

enabling it at last to lay the foundation of its future spiritual success—for in 1609 Prince Constantine Ostrogski, who had lived nearly into his hundredth year, was at length called to his account. The grim old chieftain remained fixed to the last in his misguided sentiments; but he must have felt that he had failed in his purpose of destroying a Union which had been formed apart from his co-operation and consent. It was still persisting, and if the weight of his own personal power and influence had been so far effective in staying its progress, he could not but realize that the opposition he had sustained would be likely to die with him. In his own family he was leaving none to continue his policy; on the contrary, his three sons had themselves become Catholics of Latin rite. The Confraternities had an independent interest in the persecution, and would continue it in the towns, but the nobility were weary of it and would be glad to desist from it within their own spheres of influence, and if the nobility held their hand the people would become readily amenable to their pastors, and then to the Bishops. Moreover, the Protestant party in the country had been practically destroyed by the failure of its rising under Zebrzydowski.

S. F. S.

A Pastor and Master.

IN MEMORIAM.

A MAN has departed from a vanishing world. The Press agencies are no more moved by the circumstance of his death than they were by his birth ; but a book has been written, rolled and sealed, a period of history perhaps closed. Allan M'Donald was a simple Hebridean priest, much like the Kenneth, Alaistair, or Coll with whom those may have come in contact whom fishing or some more recondite interest has dumped on Lochboisdale pier ; but he wielded among a few hundreds of fisherpeople an influence so fundamental, he was law (and order) to his folk in so complete a sense as to make of him a romantic autocrat unsurpassed.

Our fisherman at Lochboisdale has observed how the indigenous are firmly pushed from farmable land into the rocks and waterholes, of which there are plenty. He has seen the crofter's solitary sheep tethered in the mockery of a tiny pasture lest it should devour its whole provender at one meal. If he is sensitive he may have thought the piteousness of it enough to blast the grazing lands that untold miles of thornwire fence inclose. He has seen a woman tramping with her cow, passing the time of day at the crofts by the roadside, while the animal takes advantage of the law of charity which allows it a mouthful of grass.

So far he has seen the affluent. Out in Barra Sound "Eriskay is a barren island, without flowers, without rushes," as the old poetess described it. That was Allan M'Donald's *regnum in regno*. Close to Barra, close to the "mainland" of Uist, the storms beleaguer it for months of the year. The siege of the winds and the waters can pinch in the barren land. Famine of sugar, of matches, of potatoes, is not uncommon ; famine of meal (which is imported from America) may threaten, and then a forlorn hope must be led to run the blockade of the elements.

In fair weather the northern, inhabited portion of the rock is lightly spread with whitish sand, which renders it difficult to distinguish the footpaths from the "fields," where a little natural shelter is utilized to grow potatoes in "lazy-beds." In foul weather the rains sweep horizontal over it from the Atlantic, driven by wind which will not tolerate a plant more than a very few inches in height. The inhabitants are of one race and speech, one calling and culture, one faith; grouped round their father and ruler, they were a people.

There is a legend (and legend there is still warp to the woof of fact) that when Eriskay depended for spiritual ministrations upon the priest at Dalibrog, in Uist, Allan M'Donald was once explaining to the Bishop of the Isles the conditions of the compact little kingless kingdom of fifteen score fisher souls, and epitomized his argument by urging his superior *to condemn a man to Eriskay*. Very well, said the Bishop of the legend, I appoint you. However it be, the gaunt man "made smoke" with a fire of wet fern at Pullahara, and took ship with his breviary in the fishing-boat which came from Eriskay at his signal to fetch him. The seals peeped up in his wake, the gannet shifted his fishing-ground, as the boat tacked its way across the sound.

The king began to legislate; with summary benevolence he regulated the liquor traffic; no whisky was allowed on the rock in his time. The legend says that the trade made covert resistance, and was brought to its senses by direct intervention of the Power Allan M'Donald proposed to represent.

The chapel was, architecturally speaking, a near relation of any hovel on the rock, built without lime, and with a use of wood as sparing as one would expect among people who gape at the sight of a walking-stick. Those who were fastidious, and could not kneel on their native rock to hear Mass, brought in by their own industry a stone from the heap outside, which custom required them to carry out again when Mass was over. When Allan M'Donald conceived the idea of building a new chapel, he explained patiently to the outer world that the existing one *per se* would stand well enough, but for the starlings, which liked the crannies of its masonry, and the children who looked for the starlings' nests. In the meantime he made these children gather serviceable stones at the site of his choice; and when the good wind blew, and the means of laying stone on stone came in, he told his people they must help themselves as

well, and suggested on their part the devotion of a day's fishing. Legend makes of that day's catch a miraculous draught of fishes, which realized at Oban sixty pounds. He professed that he built without anxiety what stands to-day a monument to his faith and zeal. An Edinburgh man, whose profession as a publisher has not impaired his conception of a hero, helped him; a man he had never seen asked him casually if he could find a use for a hundred pounds. Like the old missionaries, like Colum and Adamnan, he took much for granted. The sand-drifted rock and the gray sky are favourable to the clear vision of this world and the other; the peril and treachery of the sea shove the drearier facts of life into their proper place. He ruled unconsciously. He spent as much time in the boats as a fisherman almost, with no barrier between them and him but the divinity which hedged him. In his new chapel the people knelt one by one in the order of their arrival, men one side, women the other, the former on Sundays conspicuous by beautiful braces outside their blue jerseys; and early they could be found, priest and people, at morning prayers, murmuring together in the Gaelic aspirate, like the voice of the winds and the sea.

In recent years a schoolfellow, now a prelate, got for him from the Pope an exceptional privilege, once in the year, to offer Mass on the sea, in a boat surrounded by the fishing fleet, to consecrate to the service of mere men the demesne which cannot be turned into grazing ground or deer forest, nor be parcelled by a thornwire fence.

He lies now on a promontory of the barren land till the unrolling and unsealing of the books. Eriskay, he used to foretell, will not long be inhabited. The wind is driving the meagre soil from the rock at a rate industry cannot resist, and (as he did *not* mention) drink and the devil may not always find an Allan M'Donald to resist them. When all are gone he will remain, with the rock, and the sea, and the winds; the seals will peep, and the gannets fish; and legend, still brisk, will weave about him some story, the pattern of which it would be vain to predict.

JOHN GRAY.

Honour's Glassy Bubble.

A STORY OF THREE GENERATIONS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER IV.

SWORDS.

"HE is a wonderful man," said Lona, turning away from the window whence she had watched the departing sledge. "Fancy going out in this terrible weather merely in order to visit a greedy old woman who probably does not require him. But that is just Father Martin all over—he never thinks of himself."

"Is it not wonderful rather that there should be so few people like that in the world, that it strikes us as strange and exceptional whenever we come across a man who acts up to his convictions, and does his duty right away simply and directly, without condescending to reflect or debate upon the matter?"

"I never thought of it quite like that," returned Lona, after momentary hesitation. "For don't you see it is not always possible to know quite for certain where our duty really lies? There are periods when everything seems to have got into a muddle, and we cannot clearly see our way. So how can one possibly do his duty unless he has first found out what it is? Now with me, for instance——"

She broke off suddenly, either because she remembered that they were not alone in the room, or else because she may have realized that she had been thinking aloud, and was on the verge of betraying something of her inner doubts and hesitations to this man, who after all was almost a stranger.

At this juncture Christian Schwerteneck had a sudden luminous inspiration :

"Ignaz," he said, addressing the ruddy-nosed school-servant, just now employed in shovelling fresh coals into the stove, "I require a whole lot of fir-branches to spread under the tree, so as to form a sort of carpet, and hide away those unsightly ink-stained boards as much as possible. Don't you think you could procure some?"

"More fir-branches," muttered the domestic, sullenly. "And where should I get them, please your honour? Fir-branches only grow in the forest, and you see how it is snowing. I have enough to do as it is sweeping the school-house and keeping it in order, without tramping about up to my knees in snow. I am sure the Herr Pfarrer would never ask such a thing of me."

"The Herr Pfarrer does not know how desperately I require those particular branches," returned Christian, quietly. "Besides, I never said you were to cut them yourself. Are there not plenty of able-bodied lads about the village who will joyfully execute such an errand? Here, take this, and mind that I must have the branches—plenty of them before five o'clock."

The sight of a shining silver florin dropped into his hand, acted like a magic spell, transforming sulkiness into abnormal cheerfulness, and previous reluctance into smiling alacrity. A minute later and Ignaz had left the room, swearing by his soul's salvation that cargoes of branches should be forthcoming in an incredibly short space of time.

Lona, as soon as they were alone, looked reproachfully at Christian.

"Why did you do that, Herr von Schwerteneck? Do you not know that Ignaz is a drunkard and that you are only encouraging vice by giving him money? Now he will probably go straight to the tavern and come back tipsy at night."

"Will he really? That is a pity, but after all I cannot always be thinking about other people's souls like Father Martin, but have surely a right sometimes to consider my own soul as well, and I really and truly required those fir-branches very urgently."

The connection between souls and fir-branches was not very evident, at least to Lona, but she was beginning to be aware that Christian Schwerteneck was addicted to somewhat strange and paradoxical utterances, which some instinct of prudence or timidity forbade her to analyze; so it was as lightly as she could that she replied:

"And ten to one he will forget about the fir-branches after all, so you will only have demoralized him to no purpose without getting what you wanted."

"I have already got what I wanted," returned Christian, quietly, as he turned away to devote his energies to the fixing of a particularly fractious candle that obstinately refused to stand straight on the branch.

After this interlude they worked on for some little time almost in silence, only exchanging such words as were necessitated by their common occupation; when the candles had all been duly placed, the packets of gingerbread and other sweetmeats received their share of attention; after which, the toys, each one provided with a ticket whereon was inscribed the name of the boy or girl to whom it was destined, had to be suspended on the stronger boughs.

"We shall put all the drums on the lowest branches," remarked Christian, presently. "They will be most effective hanging there like gigantic gourds; the trumpets and whistles higher up near the top of the tree; while those wooden swords which are decidedly too clumsy and too heavy to be viewed as decorations, and would inevitably destroy the symmetry of the branches, must be massed close against the tree-trunk from top to bottom."

It was while in the act of handing a wooden sword to Herr von Schwerteneck, one of the larger species which, as Father Martin had expressly stipulated, were only to be bestowed upon boys who having attained the ripe ages of twelve or thirteen, belonged to the third class, that Lona suddenly remarked:

"Do you know of what these swords remind me? When I look at one of them it recalls the vision of the very first thing I clearly remember in my life; and also of the first, the very first time, when I felt distinctly wicked. I must have been quite a little girl, three or four, I suppose."

Christian's usually grave face relaxed, and there was a suggestion of almost tender mockery in his smile as he replied:

"Really? I had no notion that your—your wickedness had been so terribly premature. And what was this dreadful thing you remember? or is it a dead secret?"

"Not a secret exactly—although I have never spoken of it to any one—not even to poor George," she added, almost in a whisper.

This was the first time Lona had alluded to her so tragically-deceased lover in his presence, and Christian was conscious of a perceptible quickening of his pulse, but he made no sign, waiting for her to proceed.

After a pause Lona went on :

"I was alone in the nursery, and had clambered up on the window-sill to watch grandpapa and my brothers down on the terrace below. Angus and Duncan were hitting at each other with their little swords, and grandpapa was calling out 'Bravo! Bravo!' and encouraging them to go on and hit each other as hard as ever they could. Then mama came in and took me away, and said I was not to look. I remember feeling very, very wicked indeed, for I kicked and struggled in her arms and did not want to go away, though I saw that she had tears in her eyes. But I merely thought her cruel and unkind for preventing me watching such an amusing game. Poor mama! Now I understand, of course. Perhaps even then she already had a vision of the future, and dimly guessed at the terrible misfortunes that were in store for us. But as a child I could not know these things and even later, after Donka's death—and when Angus too became a helpless cripple because of that wicked woman who was his wife—even then I did not wholly realize all that she must have suffered before her mind gave way. It is only since I have been unhappy myself that I came to understand."

"Yes, no doubt that you as well as your poor mother have had much to endure, and no wonder she lost her reason," said Herr von Schwerteneck in a curiously constrained tone of voice. "But, believe me, there are yet greater misfortunes, more acute sufferings than what she has endured. To those who are innocent, no misfortune, however terrible, can ever be quite as unbearable as those others which we might have prevented. It is only when remorse is added on to misfortune that the iron is driven home to the soul."

"Ah! it is because you do not speak from experience that you can say these things," exclaimed Lona with a passing movement of irritation, misled by the calmness of his tone, which she took for callousness. Accustomed to brood over the abnormal proportion of misfortune that had befallen her family, she resented almost as an insult the insinuation that any other family could be found quite as wretched as the Hunvalagi-Stillbergs—that there could exist two other individuals precisely

as unhappy as her mother and herself. "You have never suffered in that way yourself, so how can you possibly understand?"

The wooden sword Christian was holding dropped to the floor with a loud clatter.

"I not understand? Good God!" he exclaimed, turning almost fiercely upon Lona. "Child, you do not know what you are saying. Who should understand, if not I?"

His manner was so strangely excited, his eyes so wild, that Lona shrank back in momentary alarm; unable to explain this sudden transition from habitual calmness to almost frenzied agitation.

"I beg your pardon," she stammered confusedly. "But I don't understand. What have I done or said to make you——"

But Christian had turned away, and picking up the fallen sword was already busied in fixing it to its place on the tree. When he spoke again it was with recovered calmness and self-possession:

"It is I who should beg your pardon for my unintentional violence. Why should I be angry? It is only the excitement that seizes upon me whenever I am accidentally reminded of the only incident of my life I would wish to forget." Then with another abrupt change of manner he added, "Come, the tree is nearly finished, I think, all but the paper chains. We can set about them now while awaiting the arrival of those problematic fir-branches."

"But it is growing almost dark, and Ignaz has forgotten to bring us a lamp," objected Lona, who, not having quite succeeded in calming her recent tremors, thought that it might be advisable to bring this long *tête-à-tête* to a conclusion.

"You cannot possibly go home in this snowstorm! You must await the return of the sledge, and I shall take you home myself to the castle," decided Christian in his short, peremptory fashion. "And as for the lamp, that can be easily replaced. We shall just light a dozen of the Christmas-tree candles to work by."

"Why, that would be robbing the tree, and will only be a brief respite after all; each candle is only supposed to burn ten minutes at the outside."

"Then we shall have to burn them in relays, that is all. There are six dozen candles, for I counted them just now, so that, averaging each batch at ten minutes, we have got a

provision of light to last a full hour. And it is only a loan, not robbery, for I swear to provide fresh ones to-morrow morning."

"And will you likewise swear to fasten the candles all on again quite by yourself, for I shall certainly not be able to get away to-morrow," asked Lona shyly.

"I swear on the honour of a gentleman that it shall be done!" returned Christian, although a fleeting shadow of disappointment had crossed his face. "You may be sure that I shall not be unreasonable enough to grumble to-morrow, if only to-day I can have my own way."

This bargain concluded, he proceeded to light the first dozen candles, after which he dragged two chairs and one of the large, heavy tables quite close up to the tree in order to be within the radius of light cast by the flickering wax tapers. Soon they were engrossed in this new occupation, which bid fair to be a lengthy, as well as a tedious one. Lona, as being the most experienced in such matters, undertook the cutting-out of the paper strips into the requisite sizes, while it devolved upon Christian to glue these together so as to form solid rings that, linked into each other, slowly developed into those long and hideous multi-coloured chains, without which no German village Christmas-tree is considered to be quite complete.

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTIAN'S CRIME.

SILENCE had again fallen upon them, for after receiving his instructions, Herr von Schwerteneck worked away assiduously with as preoccupied and gloomy an expression of face as though he had been some unhappy prisoner condemned to forge his own chains. It was only when, the first dozen candles having burnt down, spitting and sputtering to their little, coloured tin sockets, were replaced by a second batch, that he appeared to have come to a sudden resolution.

"I owe you an explanation as well as an apology," he said, abruptly, glancing at Lona's bent golden head across the table. "Will you consent to hear it?"

"To hear what?"

"The history of my life—of my great misfortune, rather my great sin, I should call it. Only then you will understand what

I meant by saying just now that there are even harder things to bear than what you have gone through. And I wish — I should like you to understand."

Something clutching at Lona's throat impeded an articulate reply, but she nodded acquiescence.

"You were talking about feeling wicked just now, but do you even comprehend the meaning of the word? Can you realize what it feels like to have committed a crime which one would gladly redeem at the price of life itself? Look at me. Should you have guessed me to be such an unhappy criminal?"

Thus imperiously apostrophized, Lona raised her long-lashed eyes, and gazed with scrutinizing and serious deliberation at Christian's face ere shaking her head, she replied:

"No, I cannot believe it; you do not at all look like—like that sort of man."

"And yet it is true. Six years ago I killed my own cousin, a boy of nineteen, his mother's only child."

"You — you — killed him?" repeated Lona, with almost stupid incredulity in her tone.

"You are surprised? Well, so am I now myself, to think what a blockhead I must have been in those days, to have given way to public opinion and suffered myself to be forced into a duel against my better reason."

"Ah! a duel! But that is something quite different, and no one can call it a crime. It is very, very sad, of course, as I have only too good reason to be aware. But you know that it is sometimes inevitable. Had it not been so, then poor George would have been alive to-day."

"If poor George had understood——" began Christian, then, seeing that Lona's eyes were rapidly filling with tears, he broke off suddenly, apostrophizing himself with much energy under his breath as a confounded, blundering idiot. In order to give her time to recover herself, he sprang up from his chair and began to kindle a third set of candles, recklessly regardless of the fact that the preceding batch had yet almost an inch of life in them.

"That makes thirty-six," he said, returning to his seat. "And now you shall hear my story. Walther Bedwitz and I were nearly related, his mother being first cousin to my own father, whose estate in Moravia lay in close proximity to that of Walther's parents. Being an only child, and having no brothers and sisters of his own to play with, Walther was often

in our house, and grew to love me even more tenderly, I think, than is often the case amongst children of the same parents. I was five years his senior, and the difference between us seemed even greater because I was always unusually tall and robust for my age, while he was a puny, delicate little fellow. He used to call me his Big Brother Bruin, because he said I was as large and strong and shaggy as a bear, and I had nick-named him my little *Heinzelmannchen*, for he was small and slight as a veritable woodland elf. Sometimes, when we had taken a rather longer walk than usual, he would say to me: 'Big Brother Bruin, *Heinzelmannchen* is tired and cannot get home alone.' And then I would take him on my back, scarcely feeling his puny weight at all, while he clasped his little arms round my neck, sometimes laughingly pulling my ears to make me go faster. Then I would begin to prance and growl, pretending to be very, very angry; threatening to throw him off and devour him unless he behaved himself; till half-frightened, half-delighted, he would cry out for mercy, saying: 'Dear Brother Bruin! Please do not eat me up. *Heinzelmannchen* is going to be good, indeed he is!' And sometimes, even now, after the lapse of all these years I dream of those days again, and seem to feel the clinging clasp of those little soft arms about my neck—."

Christian's voice had grown strangely husky during the last phrase.

"The candles are going out!" exclaimed Lona, springing up just in time to avert the catastrophe of a sudden and complete eclipse. She took a very long time to light up the fourth batch of candles, and her hands were trembling quite preposterously, while the flames of the little wax tapers, as she lighted them one by one, shone confusedly before her eyes like twinkling, dancing stars.

"Go on," she breathed almost in a whisper, as she resumed her place at the table.

"I had always intended to become a soldier, and my father, a retired colonel, and an officer of the old school, regarded it as a matter of course that his only son should follow his own profession. Walther's parents, however, thought differently with regard to their son, for although he had outgrown the marked delicacy of early childhood, his narrow chest and sloping shoulders seemed necessarily to exclude him from the trials and fatigues of a military life. He had, however, set his heart upon

becoming a soldier, just the same as Big Brother Bruin ; and being a spoilt child, accustomed to get whatsoever he desired, he unfortunately ended by extorting the realization of his wish from his reluctant parents. One stipulation only was made by the anxious mother, when she finally gave way to her son's entreaties. Walther was to enter service in my regiment, as she well knew that under my eye her darling would be relatively safe. I would promise, would I not, to watch over him and keep him out of harm's way ? Poor woman, she little knew what she was asking ; and I, like a fool, accepted the responsibility. Walther accordingly entered the regiment as cadet at Prague, where we were living in barracks at the time, and by the colonel's favour was placed in the column that I commanded. For over a year all went smoothly. Walther showed himself unusually docile ; and I, on my side, did all that lay in my power to render his work as light as possible, giving him the easiest horses to ride and the least arduous duties to perform. But when, after eighteen months, Walther had obtained his lieutenant's stars, he grew less tractable, and was apt to turn sulky or restive under my well-meant interference. He was just then at that particular phase so common with young fellows of his class, when the dazzling glory of their freshly-acquired lieutenant's stars goes to their foolish young heads like sparkling champagne, making them for the nonce believe themselves young demigods, bristling all over with conscious importance, and in a chronic state of *noli me tangere* with regard to their brand-new dignity. This phase is rarely of long duration, and I feel convinced that the catastrophe could not possibly have taken place a year sooner or a year later.

"Fate had, however, decreed that it was to come about one day when I, as the senior first lieutenant, was acting as riding-master in the brigade school during the temporary indisposition of the captain who usually held this office. In direct defiance to orders previously given, Walther had insisted on mounting one of the most difficult horses, only fit to be ridden by an experienced rider. He had never been more than a second-rate horseman, and I knew this particular brute to be a confirmed rearer. When I gave him the peremptory order to dismount, he had, of course, to obey, but he did so with a face resembling a thunder-cloud. This, however, did not greatly disturb me, for I was accustomed to Walther's vagaries of mood ;

and knew that his humour was apt to vary like the inconsistent fluctuations of an April day, and the rest of the riding lesson passed by without further disturbance.

"When, however, some hours later, we met again in the mess-room, I perceived to my surprise that this particular cloud had not passed away. Walther was regarding me across the table with an ominous scowl; while his food lay untasted on his plate. Affecting not to notice anything out of the way, I addressed some indifferent remark to him, jestingly inquiring whether his veal cutlet was not good? Or what was wrong about the fried potatoes? My harmless and well-meant question, however, apparently acted upon him like the match applied to a ready-laid train of gunpowder.

"D——n your confounded interference!' he exclaimed violently, flinging down upon the plate the knife and fork where-with he had been nervously toying. 'I suppose I am free to eat my supper or leave it untasted as I please? In the riding-school, no doubt, you are cock of the walk; but once outside I am my own master; I am an officer as good as you, and will not brook any interference from a confounded——'

"I cannot repeat the word he used, one of the coarsest and most insulting terms that ever found its way into a gentleman's mouth; nor will I weary you with an account of the details that followed, for indeed I can but imperfectly recall the rest of that stormy scene, hideous and confused as a nightmare dream. I can only remember that when presently Walther had left the room, my comrades told me that a duel was inevitable, and that honour imperiously required that I should demand satisfaction for the public insult put upon me. I received this proposition with a wild burst of laughter, the idea was too humorous, too profoundly preposterous! I—fight a duel with my own cousin, my poor weak little *Heinzelmannchen*, whom I had sworn to love and protect! It could only be regarded as a weird and ghastly joke.

"The other fellows, however, were unable to perceive any joke about the matter; and so presently, while I sat there helpless and benumbed, all the details of a meeting for the following morning were settled upon. Even then, I was unable to take the matter quite seriously, and when I retired to my room at night, I did not undress, but sat up, expecting every moment to hear a knock at my door. It could not be otherwise, surely? Before his comrades the poor deluded lad was ashamed

to offer an apology, as something derogatory to his new-fledged dignity, but he would seek me out alone, as so often before, and speak the words that would put an end to this senseless comedy."

Again the candles had burnt down, and Lona, as she turned round the tree to light those on the other side, could see how ghastly pale Christian's face had become, strained and white almost beyond recognition, as he went on:

"That knock never came. Poor boy! No doubt he was ashamed, and it was my duty to make the apology easier for him. It was now past two o'clock, and taking off my boots so as not to be heard, I stole across the corridor to his room, that lay almost opposite to mine, and which he shared with another lieutenant. As I paused at the door in hesitation, I heard—yes, I am convinced that I heard—the sound of a stifled sob from within. This decided me, and I entered to find Walther lying with his face turned towards the wall, apparently fast asleep. His comrade in the other corner of the room was also sleeping. But the candle that was burning near his bedstead convinced me that Walther's sleep was but feigned, and looking nearer I could see that his pillow was wet.

"'Wally,' I said, kneeling down by the side of his bed, and speaking very low for fear of waking the other man, 'will you not tell me that you are sorry for what you said this evening? You cannot have meant it, and it is surely no shame to acknowledge our faults when we recognize them.'

"There was no answer, but a faint, convulsive shudder of the sheet, half covering his face, told me that I had not been mistaken in surmising him to be awake.

"This encouraged me to go on:

"'Heinzelmannchen, it is not your superior, the riding-master, that speaks to you now, but Big Brother Bruin, who knows you better than all the rest of the regiment put together. Your words just now meant nothing at all. They were merely the expression of a momentary fit of bad temper long since evaporated. I know that you regret them, why will you not say so?'

"Though the head was still obstinately turned away, I rather guessed than saw that the right hand buried beneath the bed-clothes was slowly and cautiously working its way to the surface. Another minute and it would have disengaged itself. The victory would have been gained.

"But there came an interruption that spoilt everything. A slight rustling noise proceeding from that other bed yonder, caused me to look round with an almost guilty start. Lieutenant Ronthal, who was to be one of Walther's seconds on the morrow, was sitting bolt upright in bed, regarding me with stern, and from his point of view, righteous disapproval.

"'Oberlieutenant von Schwerteneck,' he now said, eyeing me with cold contempt, 'this is a most irregular proceeding, as you cannot but be aware. It is contrary to all precedent for the principals to hold any communication whatsoever from the moment the challenge has passed until they meet on the duelling *terrain*. If Lieutenant Walther Schönkirchen desires to offer an apology (which we have scarcely the right to assume), he can do so to-morrow morning before the proper witnesses.'

"Feeling like a detected burglar, I slunk out of the room on my stockinged feet. I had failed in my well-meant effort, and by taking this step had but rendered the duel more absolutely inevitable.

"A glance at Walther's face when we met next morning in the riding-school, showed me that his mind was made up and irrevocably hardened. That other fellow's work most likely. I had, however, by this time succeeded in regaining some degree of composure, and could take an almost sober, common-sense view of the situation. Very well, I thought, let the foolish boy have his duel, since he is set upon it. I suppose his satisfaction in his fresh golden *porte-épée* will not be quite complete until he has put the official seal on his manhood by crossing swords with some one, and perhaps, after all, better with me than another. I shall just keep up the show of fight long enough for appearances' sake, and then give him a slight—a very slight flesh-wound that will serve as a wholesome lesson for the future. With my superior strength and ability this appeared to be a very simple matter.

"The fight began. Walther was, of course, no match for me either in attack or riposte, but he displayed greater quickness and skill in parrying my strokes than I had anticipated, and the first three passades elapsed without giving me the chance for which I waited. Insensibly I began to put out greater strength and somewhat to lose sight of my original prudence, and seeing—or believing—that the boy was fully able to defend himself, I was beguiled into the execution of a more vigorous stroke—a wider lunge—than any previous one. As before he

was quick enough with his parry, and but for one of those inexplicable chances that no human forethought seems able to provide against, no harm would have been done. But it was here that inexorable Fate stepped in. A sharp click like the sound of breaking glass, as Walther's sword was shattered in twain, and before I had realized what was happening my blade was buried ten inches deep in his body. . . .

"The case was hopeless from the first, but he lingered on for twenty-four hours, with his dying breath reiterating the belated words of apology that, spoken but a few hours sooner, would have saved his life.

"Walther's mother—his sole remaining parent—had been telegraphed for. Arriving sooner than had been expected, there was no one to meet her at the station and prepare her for the crushing blow, the telegram having merely stated that her son had been wounded in an affair of honour. It was my bad luck to meet her on the barrack staircase as she was hurrying upstairs to Walther's room.

"'Thank God you are here, Christian. Oh! tell me that it is not serious!' she exclaimed, seizing hold of my arm and looking up at me with haggard eyes.

"'It is—it is—rather serious, I fear,' I managed to stammer.

"She burst into a wild, hysterical fit of weeping, but only clung to me with yet greater tenacity, as though finding her only comfort in the fact of my presence.

"'Oh, why, why did you suffer this duel to take place?' she wailed. 'Surely you could have prevented it, Christian? Why did you suffer that wretch to murder my child?'

"I could bear no more, and roughly disengaging myself from her clinging, quivering arms, I left her standing there; knowing that presently she would have learnt to curse me as her bitterest enemy."

CHAPTER VI.

PAPER CHAINS.

THE last candle, leaping wildly in its socket, had just gone out with a splutter, leaving them plunged in total darkness—a merciful darkness, thought Lona, as she could not have borne to look at Christian's face just now.

But fresh candles had to be lighted presently, and there was still the sequel of the story to be told.

"I was tried by court-martial, of course, and for form's sake was sentenced to six months' fortress imprisonment, the usual penalty in such cases ; to which, however, no shadow of disgrace or opprobrium is attached, it being an understood and recognized thing that an officer who transgresses the military law is a far less black culprit than he who being fool enough implicitly to obey its precepts, sins against the secret, unwritten, but far more tyrannical code of honour that governs our privileged or ill-starred caste. The sentence was almost a welcome relief in my state of mind, for I desired nothing so ardently as complete peace and solitude.

"I was, however, popular in the regiment, and so some blundering, well-meaning blockhead interceded at headquarters, with the result that after barely two months' seclusion I was set at liberty, and as I was expressly informed, free to resume my place in the regiment without the slightest stain upon my honour."

Christian laughed, a long, low, bitter laugh, before proceeding.

"I declined these proposed benefits, and sent in my resignation, only retaining my nominal military rank as captain, my promotion having come within a few days of my release. My father had meanwhile died—not, however, of a broken heart on learning that his son had become a murderer, as you might erroneously suppose—but of liver complaint. Being himself an old soldier, he was naturally imbued with the ideals and prejudices of his time and caste, and could therefore see nothing blameworthy in my conduct. He naturally bewailed the unlucky chance that had rendered his wife's cousin a childless and broken-hearted woman ; but derived consolation from the conviction that his son had behaved like a gentleman, and that there was no slur upon his honour. He never knew, nor could he have comprehended my feelings, my tortures of remorse, and had he lived he would undoubtedly have opposed my resolution of leaving the army.

"I was, however, now a free man, and the use I made of my independence was to sell the paternal estate and set off upon extensive travels, ostensibly with a view to studying agriculture in different countries before I settled down in some other province, far away from all chance of meeting that unhappy

woman whose son I had killed. In reality, however, I was endeavouring to flee from my own guilty conscience, and wrestle out the terrible problem whose haunting persistency was threatening to unhinge my brain. As a rule I avoided my fellow-creatures, feeling that I had nothing to give them, and nothing—less than nothing—to expect of them. At that time it seemed to me as though there could be no place for me in a world whose laws are such a paradoxical jumble of quibbling inconsistency that no man, however well-intentioned and peacefully disposed can know for certain when he rises in the morning whether he will not have been forced to become a murderer before sunset. But for my religion, which, thank God, I never quite lost, I should probably have put an end to my life in order to escape my torments. But even religion was very nearly slipping away from me in those dark days, when it was equal torture to fall asleep in the evening to dream of the dead boy night after night, as to awaken in the morning, when returning consciousness could only bring with it a fresh rush of horror each time. And I am now firmly convinced that suicide or the madhouse would have been my fate ere long, had not Providence caused me to meet the being whose strong and noble personality acted like a bracing tonic, a healing balsam, upon my crushed and broken spirit. It was just as though an angel of light had come down from Heaven expressly in order to point out the way I had lost in my darkness of soul. To have had the privilege of knowing such a person is sufficient to revive our faith in mankind—our belief in the eternal justice and wisdom of God, for the fact that such should be presupposes the existence of an All-wise and Omnipotent Being, Who has breathed something of His own Divine Spirit into them."

Christian had ceased speaking, but while his fingers were still mechanically employed in forging link after link of the long gold paper chain he held between his hands, his eyes had assumed a fixed, wrapt expression, as though contemplating a luminous vision not visible to other eyes.

For some minutes Lona did not dare to speak, although burning to hear the rest of Christian's tale, and simultaneously conscious of a strange, inexplicable sense of heart-sinking that surprised herself—perhaps he did not intend to say more, for he was apparently just now lost to all sense of time and place, and was far away upon the wings of some distant memory.

But after she had silently lighted another set of candles—

and now there were but two dozen remaining—she hazarded a timid attempt to bring him back to the thread of his narration.

"Will you not tell me the end of your story? That is . . . if it does not hurt you to speak of it. But you have told me the worst already, and the rest cannot be so hard to say. Who was this—this person you speak of? And where did you meet her?"

With a violent start Christian seemed to come back to the consciousness of his actual surroundings, and after a brief, comprehensive glance at the now sadly-diminished number of unlighted candles, he began again to speak very fast, as though fearful of not being able to finish his narrative within the allotted span of time.

"Meet her? Ah, you thought—you could really imagine that I was speaking of a woman! It was a man—did I not already say so? He was travelling under the *incognito* of a Count Ebro, but it was only some time later, after we had parted, that I learnt his true name to be Prince Michael of Catalonia, the same who some years ago won European fame in the noble but fruitless endeavour to recover the throne that was the legitimate birthright of his brother, the exiled Don Fernando. He had nothing to gain for himself in that contest into which he has thrown himself heart and soul against half the so-called civilized world. As a prince of the blood royal, of large and independent means, there would be nothing to prevent him from following the example of the many other such luckily-situated individuals who only think of enjoying their lives and of unrestrainedly tasting of all the pleasures the world can offer. But Prince Michael is formed of other, nobler clay than the majority of his fellows, and a life of mere luxurious ease could as little satisfy him as it would be possible for an eagle to adopt the habits of a barn-door fowl. It is simply his nature or his vocation—scoffers and sceptics would probably call it his mania—to endeavour to do good in the world, and to go about in the active defence of truth and justice, uprooting evil wherever and whenever he finds it. His whole personality might almost be called an anachronism in these days of calculated realism and cynical egotism. His spirit, transplanted by some freak of nature into a modern body, is that of one of the old Crusaders whose simple faith and whole-hearted purpose, our sophisticated and degenerated minds are incapable of comprehending. Some

such person must originally have stood model for the figure of Sir Galahad in art and poetry, or that of his great namesake, St. Michael, killing the dragon. He is the new Theseus whose lance is ever poised in mid-air ready to attack the Minotaur in his dark and filthy cave.

"We met on board a Transatlantic steamer bound from New York to Hamburg. I had gone over to America with a view to inspecting certain agricultural machines, but finding it impossible in my disordered state of mind to concentrate my attention upon such concrete subjects as wheels and axles, levers and capstans, I was returning to Germany after scarce a week's stay in the American capital. The Prince, who had been spending a winter in the West Indies, had come north *via* New Orleans in order to meet our steamer at New Jersey. He was then returning to Europe with a fixed purpose—namely, with the intention of putting himself at the head of a new union—the Anti-Duel Liga, whereto his dauntless spirit had been incited by the fate of two German officers—friends of his own—who had quite recently been obliged to quit the army, because in compliance with their religious principles they had refused to fight a duel. Prince Michael's purpose being nothing less than to fling down the gauntlet in the most uncompromising fashion to all those *soi-disant* civilized Governments who, by stubbornly and stupidly clinging to the senseless statutes of an obsolete and barbaric age, are undoubtedly responsible for an unspeakable amount of individual misery and the wreck of many lives.

"Although ignorant of his true name and mission, I felt myself from the first irresistibly drawn towards the silent stranger with the pale, thoughtful face, and dark eyes all alight with a hidden fire. Acquaintances are quickly made on board ship, where natural sympathies, unshackled by the usual conventional restrictions that like a labyrinth of thorny hedges hamper and complicate life on *terra firma*, find each other out and develop with abnormal rapidity, and ere I had known him thrice twenty-four hours, the whole dark story of my unhappy secret had oozed out from my tortured heart one warm spring night when, long after the other passengers had retired to rest, we had sat up on deck. Alone, soul to soul, on the vast ocean, with no other witnesses but the solemn eyes of the eternal stars keeping their watches above, it seemed easier to speak—to make confession, as it were. And when we parted in the small

morning hours a new sensation, an unwonted feeling of peace and restored confidence in life had already begun to wake within me.

"That memorable conversation was but the precursor of many others, and by degrees, like some one recovering from a mortal illness, I began to realize that I had no right to sit down in despair, and curse my life as a worthless gift because of the crime I had committed—the great misfortune that had overtaken me. The pain to which we cravenly succumb is pain wasted, for it will turn no mill, will carry no burden; and pain is a force that must be utilized and turned to account. Rather, therefore, as I began to understand, should I make of my torments, my bitter remorse, the source of help and salvation to hundreds of others. Every pain endured, every sin truly repented of, bears within it a hidden blessing, a magic virtue if we know how to turn it to account and place our experience and our sufferings at the service of humanity. No man will have sinned or suffered in vain if, by ranging himself boldly on the side of Truth and Justice, he becomes the direct instrument of hindering some other man, perhaps yet unborn from falling into the old snares and pitfalls that have wrecked his life.

"What were the words he spoke? The arguments he used in order to carry conviction so swiftly and completely to my famished soul? I can no more recall them distinctly than I could attempt to translate into the feeble medium of human language, the voice of the wind or the sound of rushing waters. The mere words are nothing on those rare occasions when a privileged spirit is permitted to pour itself directly into another yearning and hungering soul. It is enough to say that before our ship had reached its destination I had regained my lost peace of mind, and was prepared to face life again with a fresh though chastened confidence. I was no longer a fugitive criminal selfishly seeking oblivion from his own individual sufferings, but a freshly-dubbed knight enrolled in the ranks of those new Crusaders who have sworn to dislodge the murderous dragon of dark mediæval superstition from its last stronghold. With a profound sense of grateful relief I had inscribed myself as one of the first members of the Anti-Duel Liga about to be raised into life by Prince Michael's agency, pledging myself by a solemn engagement never again, under whatsoever provocation, to give or accept a challenge. Now that the scales had fallen

from my eyes I could plainly see the hollowness and absurdity of the old rotten standard of honour whose aims and results are in such glaring contradiction to the true spirit of rectitude and morality. I now knew that those ancient fetters whereby our spirits had been held in bondage for so many generations, were but wretched frauds, flimsy and worthless as these paltry paper chains, and as easily rent asunder!"

And unconsciously suiting action to word, Christian had suddenly sprung up from his chair, and seizing upon the entire heap of multi-coloured paper festoons between his large muscular hands, had with quite amazing vigour and rapidity torn them into tiny shreds, thus at one fell swoop annihilating more than an hour's patient labour, and leaving floor and table strewn with minute and crumpled scraps of paper, gold and silver, red, yellow, and blue.

Then, just as with comical consternation he was ruefully contemplating the havoc he had unwittingly wrought, the door opened and Father Martin, shaking with cold, and his garments all covered with a fantastic arrangement of snow-flakes, entered the room, like a superannuated and decrepit Father Christmas whose strength is on the point of breaking down.

But his eyes were shining with serene satisfaction as he announced:

"I was just in time to receive poor Frau Backhofer's dying confession and put her mind at rest. She passed away peacefully, with as much contrition for every superfluous sausage she had partaken of in her ignorant, simple life as though it had been a heinous crime. Poor creature! I am glad I went, for she would not have died quietly with that last sauerkraut and bacon undigested on her soul. And you, my children, how have you been getting on meanwhile? Is the tree finished? And why is not Ignaz here to assist as I had ordered?"

"Oh, Father Martin!" exclaimed Lona, between laughing and crying, as she assisted the old priest to take off his snow-laden coat, "we have been getting on just splendidly, and have accomplished twice the amount of work that could have been expected of us. We have burnt all your Christmas candles, and have not only made fourteen long paper chains, but have likewise torn them all up again, just see!" And she pointed gaily to the rich harvest of multi-coloured shreds strewn the

floor, as though calling attention to some particularly glorious achievement. "And as for Ignaz, he went away ages ago to procure fir-branches, and has never returned, but you must not scold him, Father Martin, for I think that we too forgot all about the matter."

And Father Martin, glancing from one to the other of the two young faces before him, gave a little contented nod, as though to express that he too was entirely satisfied with these rather surprising results of their afternoon's work.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Hoensbroech v. Dasbach.

COUNT HOENSBROECH is well known in Germany as a bitter enemy to the Catholic Church and to the Jesuit Order, his hostility being the more bitter since he was once not only a Catholic, but a priest and a Jesuit. It appears likewise to grow more bitter with the lapse of time. In the earlier period following his secession he spoke in very high terms of those whom he had left. In particular, he declared the moral teachings, under which members of the Society are trained, to be beyond reproach, and the charges so constantly brought against Jesuit moralists to be devoid of any foundation.¹ More recently, however, he has absolutely contradicted his own previous testimony, and declared that "the notorious maxim *The End justifies the Means*" is both theoretically maintained and practically applied by all Jesuit moralists, so that it is a cardinal point in the immoral and anti-Christian system adopted by Ultramontanes under Jesuit influence.²

On the appearance of this declaration it was publicly challenged by a German secular priest named Dasbach, who defied Hoensbroech to justify his statement by showing that any single Jesuit writer has ever laid down the principle that an action bad in itself becomes good when performed for a good end:—which, as acknowledged by Hoensbroech himself, is the point in question. Should such demonstration be afforded, Dasbach pledged himself to forfeit a sum of two thousand florins.

Hoensbroech accepted the challenge, and sought to justify his statement by citing instances in which Jesuits—along, it should be added, with other moralists—have decided that in certain cases, where it is clearly impossible to hinder a man altogether from performing an evil action, it is lawful to induce him at least to refrain from what is worst in it, and restrict

¹ *Mein Austritt aus dem Jesuitenorden*, 1893.

² *Der Zweck heiligt die Mittel als jesuitischer Grundsatz erwiesen*, 1903.

himself to what is less grievously bad. Thus, one bent on revenge, and purposing to kill his enemy, supposing there to be no means of restraining him altogether, might be induced to confine his violence to a bastinado or horsewhipping. Typical instances of such a device are those related in the Scriptural history of Joseph, when, to prevent his murder by his brethren, Ruben counselled that he should be cast into a dry well, and Juda that he should be sold into captivity.

Dasbach having refused to accept this plea as meeting his challenge, Hoensbroech brought a lawsuit against him, demanding payment of the sum that had been staked, and his action was jubilantly recorded by a good many of our English newspapers, which took for granted that it must have a triumphant issue. But as to its subsequent history, these journals have been remarkably reticent.

As a matter of fact, the suit first came before the district court of Treves, which dismissed the action, on the ground that the contract undertaken by Dasbach was of the nature of a wager, and that wagers did not fall under its jurisdiction. Such a decision was obviously unsatisfactory to both parties, and an appeal took the case up to the provincial court at Cologne, having final jurisdiction. Rejecting the view of the judges at Treves, those at Cologne decided that this was not a wager, and that the case must be tried on its merits, which was accordingly done. On the 30th of March, of the present year, judgment was given. Hoensbroech was declared to have entirely failed to substantiate his claim, and the instances adduced by him to be nothing to the purpose: the defendant Dasbach being thus completely justified.

There are, as the tribunal pointed out, obviously two different senses in which it is possible to understand the maxim that "the end justifies the means;" firstly, that any bad means may be justified if employed for a good end: secondly, that certain actions, otherwise unlawful, become lawful in view of certain ends for which they are necessary. It was with the first sense alone that the court declared itself to be concerned, and its decision in this respect has been endorsed and approved by men of high authority who can be suspected of no *parti pris* in favour of those against whom Count Hoensbroech's accusation was levelled. Thus the Protestant Dr. Ohr, of Tübingen,¹ declares that if we understand

¹ See the *Civiltà Cattolica*, October 7, 1905, for a fuller citation of these testimonies.

the maxim in the other sense, it teaches a doctrine by no means peculiar to Jesuits, since it is an ethical truism accepted by moralists of every creed. In like manner, a rationalist writer, K. Jentsch, says that if Hoensbroech really considers such instances as he cites from Jesuit authors to be a proof of depraved morality, he commits an absurdity.

Such being the case, it cannot be said that Count Hoensbroech's latest adventure has justified the hopes which it once inspired in some quarters, and we can appreciate, though we cannot respect, the motives of those who, having hailed its beginnings with delight, would now have it quietly consigned to oblivion.

St. Patrick's Petitions.

On an earlier page of this present issue of *THE MONTH* a detailed account has been given of the seven petitions which, according to the *Tripartite Life*, were granted to the importunity of St. Patrick upon the hill of Crochan Aigli. Some of these favours of Heaven, as we trace them backwards from one biographer to another, beginning with the more recent, afford a very interesting illustration of the manner of growth of a mediæval legend, and it seems worth while to say a word upon the subject here, using the materials supplied by Professor Bury and Dr. Whitley Stokes.

In the *Tripartite Life*, which is that translated by Archbishop Healy and quoted above on p. 458, there are seven petitions, and these are granted—with large amplifications extorted by the Saint's skill in driving a bargain—at the end of the Lenten fast on the summit of Croagh Patrick. For brevity of reference we may enumerate them thus :

(1) **Birds outnumbered.** Patrick was to save more souls than he had seen birds.

(2) **Saturday.** Seven souls to be released from Hell every Saturday. Enlarged to twelve on Saturday, and seven on Thursday.

(3) **Ireland engulfed.** This was to happen seven years before Doomsday, that Irishmen might be spared the terrors of that time.

(4) **Saxons frustrated.** Aliens should never hold Ireland by consent or force.

(5) **Patrick's hymn.** Saves from Hell if recited entire. Amount reduced to three¹ stanzas.

(6) **Hairs in Chasuble.** One man to be rescued from Hell for each hair. Increased to seven men for each hair.

(7) **Judge Ireland.** Patrick is to judge all the people of Ireland at Doomsday.

This *Tripartite Life*, of which the text is Irish, has been assigned by Dr. Stokes, after very full discussion of the linguistic and other evidence, to the beginning of the eleventh century. Professor Bury believes the compilation itself to be a century or so earlier, though the redaction which has reached us may be of the date specified.

But now let us turn to the Latin biography known as the *Vita Tertia*, lately re-edited from better MSS. by Professor Bury, and assigned by him to the second half of the ninth century.² Here we find two sets of similar favours. The first set has Croagh Patrick for its scene, and consists of three petitions. Two of these are identical in substance with Nos. (4) and (3) of the above, viz., **Saxons frustrated** and **Ireland engulfed**. The third does not quite coincide with any we have seen. The other set of favours in the *Vita Tertia* immediately precedes the account of St. Patrick's death in Ulster, and consists of four items. The first of these is a promise of the salvation of Dichu, a benefactor, and his family; the other three are respectively (2) **Saturday**, (7) **Judge Ireland**, and (5) **Patrick's hymn**.

Besides these, to which we shall have to return later on, there is another similar privilege, standing by itself and recounted in the *Vita Tertia* in the following terms:

Quadam autem die dixit Angelus Patricio juxta fontem qui dicitur Tipraphatric in latere Ardmache: curabis xii. viros *cachsatharn* et vii. viros *popiou* ab omnibus infirmitatibus et doloribus suis.³

The word *cachsatharn*, as Professor Bury informs us, is Goidelic, or old Irish, and means "every Saturday;" the word *popiou*, on the other hand, is Brythonic, i.e., Welsh, and is to be translated "every Thursday." This mixture of Celtic languages is important, but need not detain us now. Our immediate interest lies in the substance of the promise, which is shown to

¹ Archbishop Healy as above, p. 458, says four. This is not quite accurate. *Christus illum* is the third stanza from the end. See Stokes, ii. p. 384 (9) (*arratricaptelaib*), and p. 389.

² *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. xxxii., section C. (1903.)

³ l.c., p. 256.

mean that Patrick would cure from their bodily ailments, presumably by the healing waters of this his spring, twelve men every Saturday and seven men every Thursday. This leads us to look more closely at the Saturday privilege contained in the death-bed set of four. The Latin is not easy to construe, but the MSS. give it as follows :

Secundo quia usque ad diem iudicii vii. viros de (or do) popsaternu requiem hore fecisti de viris Ybernensium liberabis et deduces eos ex igne inferni.

Popsaternu is Brythonic for "every Saturday." We may then, perhaps, translate :

Secondly because up to Doomsday thou hast given an hour's respite (from torment) on every Saturday to seven men of Irish race, thou shalt set them free and lead them forth from the fire of hell.

This rendering is open to many difficulties, and the passage may be hopelessly corrupt. But what seems clear is that there is some question of an hour's respite from torment on Saturdays, and we cannot help going back to the early Christian legend that on Easter eve, and by analogy on other Saturdays, there was some mitigation of their pains even for the lost, in memory presumably of Christ's descent into Hell. Prudentius has an allusion to it in his hymn *Ad incensum lucernae*. I quote from Mr. G. Morison's translation :

Even beneath the realms of Styx
The guilty spirits holy days enjoy,
Respite from penal fire on that blest night
Whereon our holy God returned
From lake of Acheron to heavenly light.

Milder burn the penal fires,
Less fiercely rage the sulphurous streams
Of Tartarus; the prisoners, there
Confined, from earth discharged, enjoy
Some respite from their pain.

But whatever be the precise meaning of the *requiem hore fecisti*, it is interesting to note the use which the author of the *Tripartite* has made of his materials. He has found two Saturday stories about St. Patrick belonging to different places and to different times and, consciously or unconsciously, he has fused the two, transferring them to an entirely new set of surroundings. In one there was question of the relief of seven men every

Saturday, in the other of seven on Thursday and twelve on Saturday. Puzzled by the contradiction, the chronicler has ingeniously harmonized the conflicting data by assuming that one set of figures represents the offer made by the angel, the other the better terms for which St. Patrick successfully stood out.

But whence did he derive his idea? Here again the *Vita Tertia* seems to offer an interesting light. There are four promises made to St. Patrick mentioned by Muirchu (c. 680), and three which apparently are found in Tirechan's collections (c. 670). This second set appears unaltered in Nennius (c. 825) and the *Vita Tertia* (c. 875), in both of which last they are associated with Croagh Patrick. But in none of these early sources have we any remonstrance or bargaining on St. Patrick's part. Nevertheless, such an incident does occur in the *Vita Tertia*, an incident in which St. Patrick, instead of being the recipient is the granter of favours. It concerns that very hymn of Sechnall's written in praise of the Saint. Sechnall having induced Patrick to listen to the hymn by suppressing Patrick's name, asks what reward he, the author, is to receive for having written it. St. Patrick told him that on account of this hymn as many souls should go to Heaven as there were hairs in his (Sechnall's) chasuble. But Sechnall is not satisfied, and protests: *Malus clericus est qui numerum istum secum non portat*—(he must be a poor sort of a priest who does not carry with him that number of souls). Then Patrick assures him that for every man who sings it, "on the day of his death Hell shall have no part in him" (in die mortis suae infernus non possidebit eum). Moreover, as another early account goes on, Sechnall still objecting that the hymn is long, and difficult to learn, Patrick replies that "its grace shall be upon the last three chapters" (i.e., stanzas).¹ Obviously the story is identical with that in which Patrick himself is represented as being the suppliant, and in which the angel grants the petition in God's name. But the former version is much the older, and it was obviously a little incongruous, that St. Patrick when still in life should ask privileges for those who recited a hymn in his honour. Moreover, it is easy to indicate a possible source of confusion. The so-called hymn of St. Fiacc, which upon any theory is a very ancient document, represents the angel as speaking to Patrick from a burning bush just before his death, and comforting him with these words:

¹ See Stokes, ii. p. 385, from the Franciscan *Liber Hymnorum*.

To Heaven thou wilt soon come,
 Thy prayers have been granted to thee,
 The hymn thou has chosen in thy lifetime
 Will be a corselet of protection to everyone.

Around thee on Doomsday Ireland's men will come for judgment.

Dr. Stokes, in a footnote,¹ declares that the hymn here referred to was Sechnall's hymn. But this is surely an error. It is the famous *Lorica* (Breastplate) of Patrick's own composition which is here in question, as the mention of the "corselet" shows. St. Patrick might very well ask privileges for a hymn which was composed by himself but which was in no sense written in his own honour. But the author of the *Tripartite Life*, probably knowing St. Fiacc's hymn by heart, has supposed Sechnall's poem to be intended, and has transferred the **Hairs in Chasuble** story from Sechnall to Patrick himself, reckless of all incongruities. Hence no doubt was derived the whole conception of the Saint's importunity in bargaining with the angel for better terms. Moreover (5) **Patrick's hymn** and (6) **Hairs in Chasuble** now become separate petitions, but both are closely connected with (7) **Judge Ireland**, and if any reader will look back to the passage of St. Fiacc's hymn quoted a few lines higher up he will, I think, easily recognize the link which has bound them together in this order; *i.e.*, "Around thee on Doomsday Ireland's men will come for judgment." Furthermore a reason for connecting the series of petitions which culminate in (7) **Judge Ireland** with the mountain of Croagh Patrick seems to be supplied by the following passage of Nennius, or the *Historia Brittonum* attributed to him. This document speaks first of the Lenten fast on "Cruachan Eile" (the Reek); then of the three petitions mentioned by Tirechan, *i.e.*, first penance at the hour of death for every Irishman; secondly **Saxons frustrated** (there is here only question of *barbari*); thirdly **Ireland engulfed**. After which the account continues:

And on this hill (Croagh Patrick) he blessed the people of Ireland, and his object in climbing to its summit was that he might pray for them and see the fruit of all his labours; and there came to him innumerable birds of every hue that he might bless them. The meaning of which is that all the saints among the Irish of both sexes come to him on the day of judgment as to their father and their master that they may follow him to judgment. Afterwards he went to his reward in a good old age, where now he rejoices for ever and ever. Amen.²

H. T.

¹ Stokes, ii. p. 401, cf. 411. Dr. Stokes only follows here the story told in the *Lebar Brecc's* Preface to Sechnall's hymn which quotes the very verse of St. Fiacc.

² *Historia Brittonum*. Cap. 55, Ed. Mommsen, p. 197.

Reviews.

I.—ARCHBISHOP HEATH, BISHOPS BONNER, TUNSTALL AND COMPANIONS.¹

THOUGH Father Phillips' admirable book confessedly owes much to Father Bridgett's *True Story of the Catholic Hierarchy deposed by Queen Elizabeth*, it differs greatly in both scope and execution from that excellent work. Father Bridgett's object was to break down a Protestant tradition, which had unfortunately succeeded for a time in dimming the glory of these heroic Bishops. Father Phillips' goes further, and desires that they should be beatified as martyrs.

There can be no doubt that Catholic contemporaries venerated these men in the highest degree, and the most important proof of this veneration was the erection in Rome of a picture with the inscription in Latin: "For confessing [the primacy of] the Roman See and the Catholic Faith, eleven most reverend Catholic Bishops died worn out with the molestation of their prolonged imprisonment." The importance of this will be easily understood when it is remembered that the beatification of the English Martyrs, whom we now salute as Blessed, is due chiefly to their having been similarly honoured with pictures and inscriptions at the same time and place. Father Phillips has rightly devoted the chief part of his book to the history and elucidation of the above inscription.

His method is as satisfactory as it is simple. He has gone back to the original sources, and reproduced *everything* which those sources contain. How vast the labour must have been, and how excellent the results, those will appreciate best who study him most closely. The sum of his story is this.

He begins with a history of Circiniani's pictures, which turns out to be a very instructive and interesting episode. Then the "eleven Bishops" are identified, then come further exposures, as

¹ *The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy.* By Father G. E. Phillips. Sands and Co. 1905.

vigorous as they are happy, of the discreditable means by which the Protestant tradition was set afoot. After this a series of biographies of the Bishops in question, and in conclusion a catena of noteworthy Catholic authors who have borne witness to the heroism of these Fathers of our Church.

Space would fail us if we attempted to enumerate the good points of the purely historical part of Father Phillips' work. Of all the facts and figures enumerated we can only suspect one of being inapplicable. The interesting correspondence from the Council of Trent, quoted at p. 228, refers, if we remember aright, not to the Bishops in prison, but to certain students who had been captured on their way to Louvain. Except on one or two accidental points like this, we find it impossible not to follow Father Phillips in this portion of his study.

It is only when he comes to his last point,—that these good Bishops deserve to be beatified, and perhaps are virtually beatified already,—that we find ourselves falling behind him. Perhaps he is right, but somehow he is not quite convincing. He here appears to press his proofs rather severely. The evidence, for instance, to prove that Archbishop Heath died in the Tower, may, perhaps, be thought vague, and to depend on general terms, to which other meanings might possibly be attached. It seems, again, an argument *per saltum* to maintain that Bonner is a not unfit person to exalt to our altars, because he is now-a-days commonly absolved from the worst things said against him of old, and is frequently recognized as a good-natured, well-meaning man. The obvious objections arising from his previous history do not seem to us to have, as yet, been removed. Even the value of the inscription, erected with Papal sanction, seems a trifle over-stated. Pope Leo did not exactly "accept" the concession of Pope Gregory "as an act equivalent to Beatification," but, after taking a great deal of other evidence, he, Leo (not Gregory) beatified "equivalently" those named or described in the inscriptions.

Whether all readers will follow Father Phillips in this point or not, none will question that this scholarly volume entitles him to a permanent and honourable place among our historians. No serious student of the period will be able to pass it unread, for besides illustrating fully an episode of the first importance, it throws a new and vivid light on the whole history of the Catholic Church during the early years of Elizabeth's reign.

2.—THE CATHOLIC RECORD SOCIETY.

The new Catholic Record Society has set promptly to work, and has now brought out its first volume, a good stout volume of *Miscellanea* of 350 pages in royal octavo. Its contents fall roughly into two divisions, of which one consists of connected historical papers, the other of Notebooks, Family Notes, and Mission Registers, all being matter not hitherto in print. The historical documents have been mostly edited by Father J. H. Pollen, the remainder by Mr. J. S. Hansom, Mr. Hobson Matthews, and others, and Abbot Gasquet writes a Preface. The Notebook of Sir John Southcote, D.D., 1628-36, of which the MS. is in the Southwark Archives, contains a number of short notices bearing on the civil and religious history of the time, which will be valuable to historians. The Notebook of the Venerable Arthur Bell, O.S.F. (1638), is chiefly interesting for facts relating to the life and genealogical connections of the martyr himself. The Huddleston Obituaries, a list of anniversaries with notices chiefly genealogical of the persons entered, refer to the time of the Civil Wars, to which there are several incidental allusions. "Family Notes of the Smiths of Drax" (1771-8) is interesting for the insight it gives into the life of a Yorkshire Catholic farmer. The Wilks and Roskell Family Notes will appeal most to members of those families, as will the Winchester, Cowdray, and Perthir Registers to those who can find traces of their own ancestry among the entries. Still, the Winchester Register has interspersed several entries of more general interest. Here the entry of Dr. Lingard's baptism will be noted on page 170. (Why, by-the-by, does the footnote writer here suppose that the learned Doctor will be remembered longer for his "Hail Queen of Heaven" than for his *History of England*?) On the Winchester Register, too, Dr. Milner has stamped the traces of his marked personality as in his entries of the christenings where French *émigré* families were concerned, and in his account, to which Abbot Gasquet directs our attention in his Introduction, of the conversion he effected of four natives of Java whilst they were awaiting their execution. It is also noticeable that whereas, as Mr. Hobson Matthews reminds us elsewhere, our Catholic forefathers hardly dared to keep registers of their ministerial acts much before the Relief Bill of 1778, the Winchester Register seems to have been kept regularly since 1721. The Perthir

¹ Catholic Record Society: *Miscellanea I.*

Register bears silent testimony through the number of its entries to the persistence of Catholicism in the north east of Monmouthshire right into the end of the eighteenth century—a fact to which Mr. Hobson Matthews, the editor of this, calls attention.

Of the historical papers Dr. Nicholas Sander's Report to Cardinal Moroni heads the list, and is the most important. It is printed now for the first time from a transcript made by the late Father Stevenson from the original in the Vatican Archives, and it probably dates from the year 1561, that is to say, from the first years of the reign of Elizabeth. The Cardinal had asked for the general facts about the persecution, and the way in which it was being borne by the Catholics, and Dr. Sander feels certain his Eminence would like to have also some particulars and personal details. These he gives partly from information received from others, but largely on the faith of his own eye-witness. He begins with a graphic account of the proceedings at the disputation under the presidency of Sir Nicholas Bacon, and those in Elizabeth's first Parliament, and then passes on to speak of the "individual actions of those who have defended religion in England." Father Bridgett made much use of this MS. when he was preparing his *Elizabethan Hierarchy*, and his careful corrections of some few minor points on which Sander was in error, are here given as footnotes. Father George Phillips has also used the MS. in preparing the volume which we are noticing in our present number. But though these two writers have picked out many of the plums it will not be the less pleasing to a reader to have the full text of the document by his side when reading their books. Still, of itself alone, by its simple record, this document testifies eloquently to the constancy of our Catholic forefathers, Bishops, Deans, and Canons, Universities, priests, religious, schoolmasters, laymen, women, poor people, schoolboys, under the trying ordeals of those days. Many are the names the writer gives, adding, "As I could not name one in a hundred of the priests and scholars, how many thousands of commoners are we to think that there are who have not bent the knee to Baal." His estimate of the latter is also given in the following paragraph:

The English common people consist of farmers, shepherds, and artisans. The two former are Catholic. Of the others some are schismatics except those who have sedentary occupations, as weavers

and shoemakers, and some idle people about the court. The remoter parts of the kingdom are still very averse from heresy, as Wales, Devon, Westmorland, Cumberland and Northumberland. As the cities in England are few and small, and as there is no heresy in the country, nor even in the remoter cities, the firm opinion of those capable of judging is that hardly one per cent of the English people is infected. Hence the Lutherans speak of their followers as "the little flock."

To turn from graver things to light, readers will be amused by the fearful threat darkly intimated by Morgan, Bachelor of Theology, of whom Sander tells us that "seeing he was to be deprived, he said: 'Be it so: this will cost some people dear.' The visitors, imagining that there was a conspiracy to be detected, understood, at length, that he meant to return to the practice of medicine, in which he had been previously engaged."

We have besides, in this volume, lists of the prisoners in the different gaols in the early days of Elizabeth; and from his own MSS., Lord Herries has sent a most touching account by an eye-witness who was himself a future martyr, of the martyrdom of the Ven. John Boste in 1594; also the second part of Father William Weston's Narrative, the first part of which is in Father Morris's second series of *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*. Father Morris printed from the autograph at Stonyhurst, which is incomplete; but Father J. H. Pollen found this remaining part among some Jesuit archives abroad.

The purinter's work has been well done; but surely there is no advantage in the exceptionally thick type used for the asterisks, obeli, &c., which is as irritating as the voice of a man who shouts in your ear.

3.—INFALLIBILITY.¹

THE MONTH has more than once called attention to the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury, of which Mr. Spencer Jones is President. Its object, we may remind our readers, is to bring together those Anglican clergymen and laymen who, deploring the divisions of Christendom, feel that there is at least one course which they can take without suspicion of disloyalty to their own Church, that namely of studying the

¹ *Infallibility*. A paper read before the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury. By the Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. With an Introduction of the Rev. Spencer Jones, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

doctrines of the Church which looms largest of all in the Christian world. No one would think, says Mr. Spencer Jones in the Introduction to the present tract, of sending a person anxious to get correct ideas about Christianity to the publications of the Rationalistic Free Press, nor is it any more reasonable to seek a correct account of the doctrines of the Roman Church in the works of her opponents. It is better for one anxious to fix his attitude towards this Church to hear how her doctrines are understood by her own representatives, and then judge of them. Hence the custom of this newly-formed Society is to invite each year a Catholic theologian or historian to read to its members an exposition of some point of Catholic doctrine.

This year Father Vincent McNabb was invited to read a paper on Infallibility, and it is this which is now before us for review. There is nothing very distinctive about it to call for criticism, but it is a good solid account of the doctrine of Infallibility as defined by the Vatican Council, and is well adapted for its intended purpose. It discusses first the antecedent probability of such a prerogative being confided by our Lord to the visible ruler of His Church, and then, under the heads of Nature, Object, Subject, determines the exact meaning of the prerogative as actually claimed by the Holy See. In a final chapter the objections to Infallibility are considered briefly, but sufficiently. In a prefatory observation Father McNabb states his intention to treat the question of Infallibility theologically rather than historically. He has adhered to this plan, and quite rightly, for it is chiefly through failure to understand the doctrine that people are led to attach weight to historical difficulties, which are in reality more conspicuous for their absence than their presence.

4.—FRESH LIGHT ON THE POPISH PLOT.¹

The mysterious death of Sir Edmund Berry, or Edmundbury, Godfrey, was undoubtedly the making of Titus Oates and his Popish Plot as it has ever since been the *crux* of those who would unravel the tangled tale of this most discreditable episode in our national history. The alleged murder of a

¹ *Who killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?* By Alfred Marks, with an Introduction by Father J. H. Pollen, S.J. xvii. 210 pp. London: Burns and Oates, 1905.

respectable and inoffensive magistrate by the Papists is the one solitary "fact" producible in support of the supposition that there was a Popish Plot at all—or at least that there was one having the remotest resemblance to that which Oates "discovered," the whole essence of which was murder, massacre, and incendiarism, and belief in which roused the nation to a paroxysm of terror and savagery having no parallel elsewhere.

On the other hand, it is quite certain that Godfrey met a violent death, and, if he was murdered, no one will ever be persuaded that it was not by the Catholics, who alone can be supposed to have had any motive for putting him out of the way. What that motive can have been is not indeed very clear. Godfrey had received the first tentative depositions of Oates, when that arch villain was feeling his way towards his monstrous fictions—but why should he on that account have been marked for destruction? It is not likely, however, that the suggestion of certain contemporaries will be accepted instead, that Godfrey was murdered by the authors of Oates' story, in order to secure for it the popular acceptance which at first it seemed unlikely to obtain; and accordingly, as has been said, *if* the case was really one of murder, a strong point against the Catholic body will always be held as established.

The only alternative to the theory of murder is that of suicide, and but for one consideration this would undoubtedly hold the field beyond dispute. The tale of the murder as told by Bedloe and Prance, who claimed to be eye-witnesses, or as pieced together from the circumstantial evidence known to us—is beset with insuperable difficulties. The alleged eye-witnesses—apart from their infamous character—contradicted one another in every single particular, and frequently contradicted themselves. The story of Godfrey's death in Somerset House—a royal palace occupied by the Queen—and the transportation of his corpse to Primrose Hill, where it was found, involves a tissue of absurdities, which must forbid its acceptance by any one who is not prepared to accept anything which fits in with a foregone conclusion. On the other hand, the idea that Godfrey took his own life is in accord with much which is recorded of him. There was insanity in his family; he knew it, and the knowledge preyed upon his mind; in regard of Oates' depositions he was greatly perturbed, on account of the dangerous nature of the matter with which he was unwillingly mixed up, and especially on account of his own

indiscretion in confiding to Coleman the secret entrusted to him. His conduct on the eve of his disappearance—when he paid off debts and destroyed a large quantity of papers—was so peculiar as to attract considerable attention, and on the fatal day itself he was observed by various persons wandering about town and the neighbourhood in a strange aimless fashion, being once met in the neighbourhood of the spot where his body was afterwards found, while when last seen by any credible witness he was again betaking himself in the same direction. It is, moreover, evident that the notion of suicide was widely entertained at the time, particularly by those who knew him best.

All this agrees well with the supposition that he died by his own hand. The one obstacle to such a conclusion which has been considered fatal, is the surgical evidence. This, although acknowledged to be very unsatisfactory and inadequate, has been thought at least sufficient to show that he cannot have killed himself, inasmuch as the cause of death must be ascribed not to the wound of his own sword, which was run through him, and on which he might have fallen, but to strangulation or violent dislocation of the neck.

It is in regard of this crucial point that the great value of Mr. Marks' contribution to the controversy will undoubtedly be found. He has called in the assistance of an expert of unquestioned competency, Dr. Freyberger, who after carefully examining and discussing the medical evidence, declares that Godfrey must undoubtedly have died where he was found, and that suicide is the only possible explanation of the symptoms as they are recorded.

It will doubtless be said that such an opinion, based on the jejune information supplied by surgeons more than two centuries ago, cannot be called convincing; but those who maintain the opposite theory have only the self-same evidence to go upon, and Dr. Freyberger's verdict suffices at least to show that, far from contradicting, it corroborates the conclusion to which everything else unmistakably points.

Though it is in this important particular that we should place the especial merit of Mr. Marks' volume, this is by no means because others are lacking. On the contrary, the book seems to us a model of what such a treatise should be, and it ought to do more than any other with which we are acquainted to carry conviction—should there be any to whom it still requires to be carried—on the whole question of the Plot.

This question our author, indeed, does not attempt to treat with any completeness, and Oates' own share in it is seldom alluded to. But never have the manifold absurdities of this grotesque imposture been more mercilessly riddled, or the unprincipled practices of the politicians who made it serve their purposes made more manifest; while the arguments employed are so lucid and cogent, and there is so manifest a desire to avoid straining any point, and to allow everything which adversaries can reasonably claim, and more, that it is hard to understand how the conclusions urged can be resisted. Mr. Marks is properly severe on Mr. Pollock's recent treatment of the question, and particularly on his preposterous theory—for which the late Professor Gardiner is largely responsible—as to the use of hypotheses in historical investigations.

Our author is not a Catholic, as indeed he shows when he speaks of the conversion of the future James II. as "lamentable,"¹ and blames the same prince for not consenting to disguise his religion by attending the worship of the State Church—for, we are told "he might have reflected that religious truth is, like climate, the result of geographical position," but that "His zeal was that of a convert."² But, in spite of this, no writer could do fuller justice to Catholics, or more amply justify them against the charges for which they had to suffer so much and so long.

In the way of criticism there is very little to offer. On page 9, it is said that Oates "was admitted into the community of the Jesuits." This is not so. Oates was only a scholar, at Valladolid and afterwards at St. Omers, and though a man of thirty, his *status* was that of a schoolboy. He was never a member of the Jesuit community in any sense of the term. Mr. Marks also speaks of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, as "Stephens"³—an error by no means uncommon. More important is the fault to be found with the Index, which is very poor and inadequate, and this is an important feature of a book dealing with a subject which so largely hangs upon individual persons and incidents. Finally, we are surprised to meet with no reference to Mr. Andrew Lang's important labours in the same field in which Mr. Marks has so diligently worked.

But in comparison with the merits of the book such blemishes are trivial.

¹ P. 31.² P. 177.³ P. 173.

5.—MARIALE NOVUM.¹

Mariale Novum is a collection of sonnets, the writers of which are with one exception members, and mostly younger members, of the English Province of the Society of Jesus—the sole outside friend being the one who first suggested the collection to which he has made five contributions. The sonnets are sixty-three in number, and in form are mostly Petrarchan. There is one for each invocation in the Litany of Loretto, together with two on the *Ora pro nobis*, and one, which is introductory to the whole, to St. Joseph. In each instance two or three texts from the Vulgate, such as are wont to be “applied” to our Blessed Lady, are printed on the reverse page, and on these the Sonnet is usually founded. The merit of graceful expression may fairly be claimed for these sonnets as a whole, though the style is rather too laboured in some instances. In most the thought is too obvious and familiar for the praise of poetry as distinguished from that of verses, yet there is a good residuum in which really choice and delicate thoughts are enshrined.

As illustrations of their character we may give the two following, in the former of which, however, the false and harsh rhyme at the end is an unfortunate defect.

Virgo Veneranda.

She stood beside the door, her heart possessed
With joyful presagings. The sky was flame
As through the gathering dusk of even came,
Shrining the World's Desire in her white breast,
The Maiden Mary. *Wilt thou be my guest,*
Thou Mother of my Lord? At that sweet name
Outburst the glorious Canticle's high claim;
All eyes yet unborn shall hail me Blest.

So—once, at Rome, in this our far-off day—
I mused while lights and banners filled the way.
They passed; but still the distant echoes woke
With *Ave! Ave!* wafted back to us;
And sudden from a hundred towers broke
The long clear pealings of the Angelus.

Sedes Sapientiae.

Light, light to live, or light at least to die!
Ah, world-old cry; more tired, more sad to-day,
Since the Great Light men loved once dies away,
And we sit still beneath a sunless sky

¹ *Mariale Novum.* A Series of Sonnets on the titles of our Lady's Litany. By members of the Society of Jesus. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1905.

Only to watch new shadows drifting by
 The darker for each dawn's deceitful ray ;—
 Still at our noontide veiled with viewless grey,
 Starless for us hangs night's blind canopy.

Mother of God ; through thee descends to man
 Light inaccessible. Thy maiden's hands
 That veil God's glory in earth's swaddling-bands,
 Are strong to lift us when none other can,
 To lift and lead us through faith's twilight lands
 Into the vision of God's perfect plan.

6.—THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.¹

Father Hull's *Theosophy and Christianity* has been for some months in the hands of readers, having appeared originally in the columns of the *Bombay Catholic Examiner*, and later in a separate publication issued from the office of that periodical. It now appears on the list of the Catholic Truth Society in a new edition, which is more inviting to the eyes than its predecessor ; and it may be recommended as a useful contribution to the literature of the subject. To the many the term Theosophy suggests Colonel Oldcott and Madame Blavatsky, mysterious news-billets from the unseen world and the unapproachable Mahatmas who indulgently communicate them. The reader will find nothing of all this in the volume before us, for the simple reason that such follies need no discussion. But Theosophy has other wares than these to offer for our consideration, and such as experience shows to be capable of impressing a certain class of minds. It has been remarked that only Christianity ventures to offer proofs on its behalf ; and if we include along with Christianity Judaism, and in a less degree Mahomedanism, this is the truth, for these are the only religions which claim to rest on a basis of fact—the fact of a divine revelation. On the other hand, every age yields a crop of theories advanced to satisfy those fundamental questionings which will always perplex us whenever we reflect on the ultimate origin of all things visible. Theosophy is one such theory, being a form of eclecticism which gathers its elements mainly from the speculations of Oriental Pantheism. It is this theory which Father Hull submits to an examination, his method being to take Theosophy on its own ground as a

¹ *Theosophy and Christianity.* By the Rev. Ernest Hull, S.J. London : Catholic Truth Society. 1905.

theory to explain the puzzle referred to, and to compare its solutions point by point with those offered by Christianity (in the wider sense of this term), so as to see which theory best meets the case.

In pursuance of this plan Theosophy is considered under four general heads, its Ethics, its idea of God, its dealing with the Problem of Evil, and its doctrine of Karma. In regard to its Ethics the author, while allowing the nobility of the ideals claimed by the Theosophist, shows that they are all included and even surpassed in the ideals of Christian Ethics; and that, although by refusing to admit into the ranks of Theosophists any save those who realize their ethical ideals in practice, Theosophy is enabled to claim an apparent superiority over a religion like Christianity which admits into its ranks moral failures as well as moral successes, this superiority is obtained at the cost of renouncing that ideal of a School of Morals in realizing which has lain the great triumph of Christianity.

In contrasting the rival doctrines on the nature of God, Father Hull gets his opportunity of showing that the doctrine of an Impersonal God—from whose substance, what we are wont to call created mind and matter are but temporary emanations, destined eventually to be re-absorbed in their original source—is a doctrine involving difficulties not less but greater than these attending the doctrine of a Personal Creator. This chapter will be also useful for the clear way in which it explains the sense in which we are led to ascribe to God a personality and attributes assimilated to those we find in ourselves, without at the same time denying by implication His infinity.

The Problem of Evil is discussed on the same lines, that is, by showing that the Christian solution, if not in all respects satisfying, is at least as satisfying as, if not more satisfying than, that offered by Theosophy.

The question of Karma arises out of that concerning the origin of evil. It is suggested as a theory, which, if accepted, will explain how the inequality of human conditions is consistent with the law of right and justice. When we see the innocent suffering and the wicked prospering we are to assume that the former is undergoing the penalty of sin committed, and the latter reaping the reward of virtue practised, in a former state of existence; and we are to infer that a whole series of re-incarnations is passed through by each individual personality,

in each of which his lot, for better or worse, is parted out to him by the law of Karma in strict proportion to his behaviour in his previous states. No doubt there is a certain plausibility in the theory, but, argues Father Hull, it is open to five very radical objections in view of the undoubted fact that there is at all events no conscious memory in us of our former doings. How he handles some of these the following extract shows.

People sometimes imagine that Karma ought to make a man serious, seeing that every deed will have its infallible consequence in punishment. But this idea is exploded when once we realize that the doer of the deed never feels the consequences of it. One individual being—one bit of spirit-stuff—lives successively as Peter, James, and John. Each of them are separate beings morally and psychologically, though physically the same. James, the middle one of the three, reads the "Life of Peter," his predecessor, and finds it to be as objective to him as the life of Lord Kitchener would be. He can no more identify himself morally with Peter than I can identify myself with Frederick the Great. Yet the re-incarnationist tells us that James is suffering all his life from the misdeeds of Peter—or reaping the rewards of Peter's virtue. James rejects that idea in the name of reason. . . . No, your Karma, which pretends to make punishment the other half of crime, really separates the punishment from the crime and gives it to another man. Instead of making every man bear his own burden, it makes every man bear somebody else's burden, and escape his own. You Theosophists reject the ideas of vicarious punishment as a failure of justice, but, as far as I can see, your Karma is one universal system of vicarious punishment and reward, and that too of the most objectionable kind. . . . Another thing; it simply gives a man a positive inducement to be careless and vicious. . . . What is to stop me from indulging in every kind of vice, when I know that I shall never experience the penalty. Poor John will have to pay it all, of course. But why should he not? . . . Why should John profit by my good life, while I am suffering for Peter's sins and gaining nothing by my own virtues.

7.—*REX MEUS*.¹

Rex Meus is a little book of spiritual instructions based on the life of King David. The idea is to draw the comparison between the character and actions of the Prophet King and those of our Lord Jesus Christ whom he foreshadowed; and to note how the Master transcends the servant even in those features which render the latter so attractive a figure in

¹ *Rex Meus*. By the author of *My Queen and my Mother*. With a Preface by Bishop O'Hanlon. Westminster: Art and Book Company.

sacred history. It is written in a very simple style, being intended to help young people, by putting into their hands some chapters in the Old Testament and teaching them how much that is spiritually helpful can be gathered from that portion of Scripture; and how they may be led thereby to understand better our Lord and His Sacred Heart. In each of the nineteen chapters some aspect of King David's life is considered, and the Bible text relating to it is given in full. Then follows a devotional commentary which is intentionally kept slight. Judged from the modest standpoint from which the writer invites criticism this little book attains its object. Still, one cannot read the Scripture narrative without feeling that King David's was a far more complex character than these quiet pages seem to realize, and that to estimate adequately its sharp and often perplexing contrasts would require much more forceful presentment.

8.—ST. CATHERINE DE' RICCI.¹

There is a surprising charm about this book. One is rather accustomed to open the translations of French *Lives of Saints* (especially when the saint is an *ecstatica*) with a certain misgiving. But such apprehensions soon give place to unwonted satisfaction when one begins to read Miss Capes's version, or we should rather say her adaptation, of Père Hyacinthe Bayonne's *Vie de Ste. Catherine de' Ricci*, which contains some charming letters omitted by the Dominican Father, as well as a somewhat abstruse treatise "On the Mystical life" by the late Father Bertrand Wilberforce.

Four chapters treat of Catherine's wonderful visions, and of her "stigmata." The writers very wisely neither claim these as certainly miraculous, nor do they indulge in conjectures as to whether they could be now-a-days considered as non-miraculous. We are given evidence as to the facts, we are given evidence that in spite of her intense spiritual experiences, the Saint remained perfectly sensible, simple, humble, lovable, wonderfully attractive to others, the mother of her community, diffusing all around her a respect for quiet common sense, as well as a burning zeal for every spiritual and corporal good work. Read for instance her letter to Buonaccorso Buonaccorsi, whom in

¹ *St. Catherine de' Ricci, her Life, her Letters, her Community.* By F. M. Capes. London: Burns and Oates, 1905.

modern phrase we should call her solicitor, especially that on p. 231, where with admirable precision she lays down rules that may guide him in taming the flesh without injuring the sum total of his powers for good.

It is necessary, when the senses try to get the upper hand, that the spirit should rise and conquer by means of virtue ; and when the spirit becomes too stringent, that reason should step in and prevent the soul from drawing too much to itself, so that the body is prostrated ; and this again is hurtful to herself, since we cannot merit anything unfortunately apart from our body.

To think of such words being penned by a hand that bore the wound of the stigmata ! They are not at all exceptional. The letters teem with good things, and if space allowed, we should dearly like to relate the account given in Chapter xvi. of "the affair of the Convent Enclosure." In brief, the rigorous school of disciplinarians had just got the upper hand at Rome, and imposed strict enclosure on Catherine's convent (which had been founded without it) and fulminated excommunications on all who should infringe it. Of these threats the founders refused to take any notice ; whereupon the chaplain feared to say Mass, the Sisters were in desolation and almost beside themselves with nervous alarm, while poor Catherine, as Prioress, had to try and appease every one. It was certainly an anxious moment, and called for all her powers. It is needless to add, that though she did not make all her points, she came off with a very substantial victory. This is certainly a biography that will repay perusal.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THOUGH written for the celebration of a Convent Jubilee, *A Story of Fifty Years* (Notre Dame, Indiana, *The Ave Maria*), will be read with interest by many for whom St. Mary's, the Mother-House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in the United States, is but the name of a flourishing educational establishment. It is a simple story simply told ; but it is a story of growth and expansion, of difficulties faced and overcome, of opportunities of heroism and devotedness responded to as a matter of course and almost unconsciously.

That the women, who did the work, and the good priest, who was their friend and adviser through it all, were endowed with remarkable energy, courage, and power of organization, was shown not only at Notre Dame in the cause of education, but also in the military hospitals, when civil war threw work of a far different kind upon their hands. The portraits and other illustrations are a welcome addition to the book.

Among the more recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society, besides three additions to Lady Amabel Kerr's series of "Lives of the Saints for Children" (*St. Geneviève*, *St. Thomas of Canterbury*, and *St. Francis of Assisi*) and one addition (*Cardinal Howard*, by the Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P.) to the Biographical Series, are to be found (1) a leaflet on *The Claims of the Catholic Church*, (2) a tract on *Indulgences*, by the Rev. John Proctor, O.P., and (3) Mr. Walter Sweetman's article (republished from THE MONTH, May, 1905) on *The Decline of Darwinism*. Under the title of *The Crisis in the Church in France*, and bound together in cardboard, are five important articles contributed by prominent Catholic writers to various periodicals in answer to M. Combes' defence of his policy in the pages of the *National Review*. Two of the latter, by the Right Hon. Viscount Llandaff and the Rev. William Barry, D.D., respectively, are also published separately in paper covers, price 1d.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1905, IV.)

A Study of Ulrich of Strasburg. *M. Grabmann*. The Truth of the Bible Story in the view of the early Christian Fathers. *E. Dorsch*. The Language of the Book of Daniel. *F. Zumbiehl*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1905, IV.)

The Honorary Degree conferred by Oxford University on Dom Morin. Advent in the Liturgy. *F. Cabrol*. A Sermon of St. Cesarius. *A. Manser*. Unprinted Texts bearing on the Creed. *G. Morin*. The Disgrace and the Indictment of Carafa. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (1905, VII.)

Otto of Freising as a Theologian. *J. Schmidlin*. Monarchianism and the Roman Church of the Third Century. The Saints of Livonia in ancient times. The Prætorium of Pilate. *J. Schäfer*.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (October 21.)

The establishment of Christianity in the light of Scientific History. *J. Blötsch*. Labour and the Employers of Labour in the greater industries. *H. Koch*. The influence of the Imagination in Perception and automatic movement. *J. Bessmer*. Japan's Voices and Hopes. *A. Huonder*. Countess Hahn Hahn. *A. Stockmann*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (October 7 and 21.)

The Hoensbroech-Dasbach Action at Cologne. Pope Zozimus and the Council of Turin. Clericalism and Lay Domination. The German Concordat (1803—1805). Our Four Gospels—The Gospel of St. Matthew. A great Catholic project of Universal History. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES. (October 5 and 20.)

St. Francis of Sales in his Letters. *J. Navatel*. A victim of the September Massacres: Père Lanfant. *H. Fouqueray*. The Realism of Euripides. *A. Brémont*. The Eve of the Concordat. *P. Dudon*. De Brazza and the French Congo. *H. Prédot*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE AUGUSTINIENNE. (October 16.)

St. Hilary and Cardinal Pie. *P. Martain*. The Eucharistic Philosophy of Père Leray. *T. Rétaud*. Ballandie as a Philosopher. *G. Songeon*. The Essence of Quantity. *J. Laurent*. Reviews, &c.

RAZÓN Y FE. (October.)

The Municipal Elections in Spain. *V. Minteguiaga*. The Inspiration of Holy Scripture. *L. Murillo*. The Conflagration under Nero. *Z. Garcia*. A Short Sketch of Arab Numismatics. *J. Furgus*. The Solar Eclipse of last August. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (October 15.)

A Clerical Poet (Jean Barthès). *C. Valentin*. A Last Word on Lamennais. *Abbé Delfour*. The Princess Wilhelmina of Prussia. *M.M.* The Office and Life of St. Marina. *L. Chavanet*. Recent Books on Scripture. *E. Jacquier*. Reviews, &c.

